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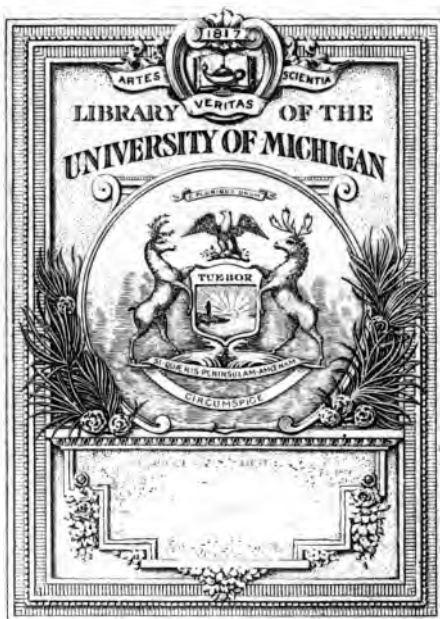
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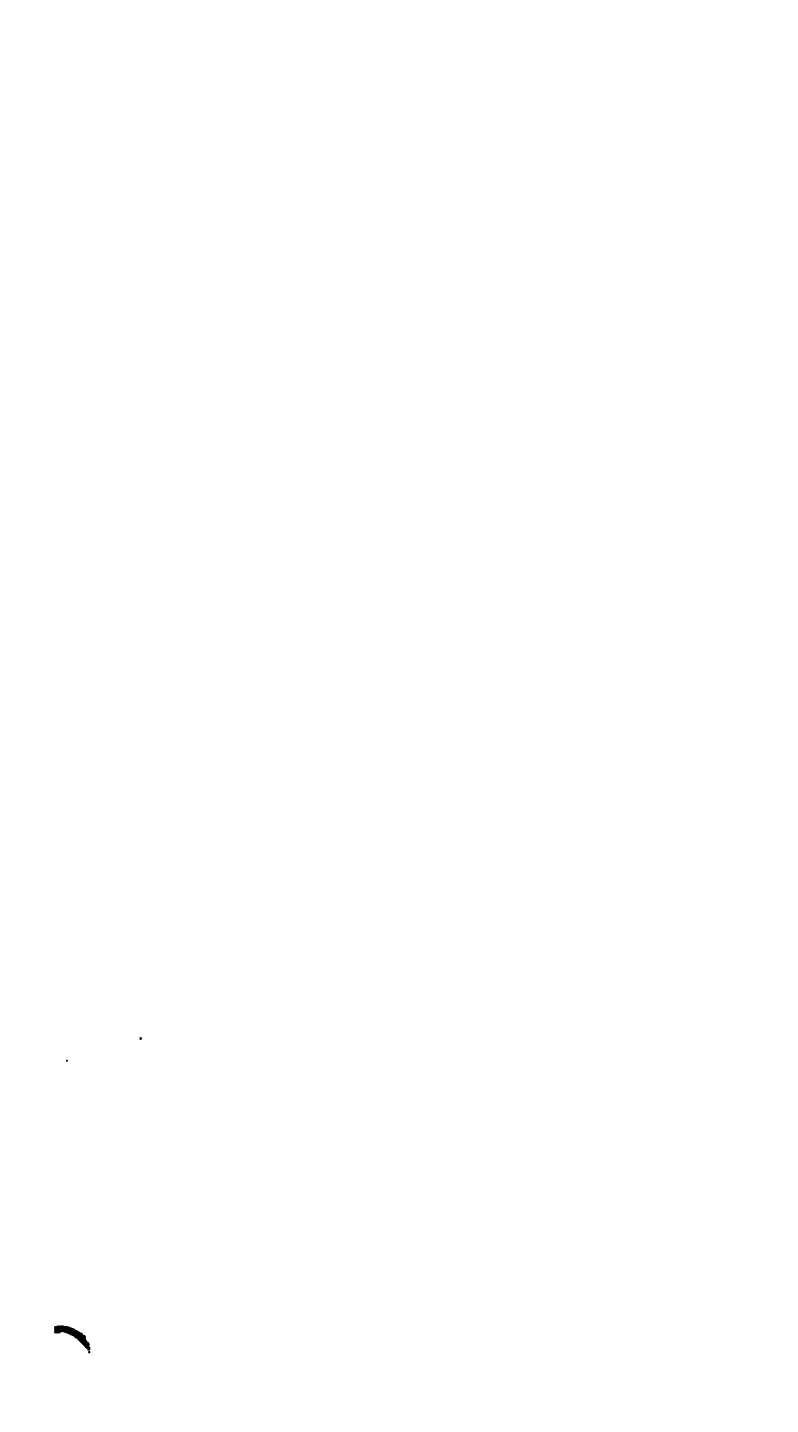
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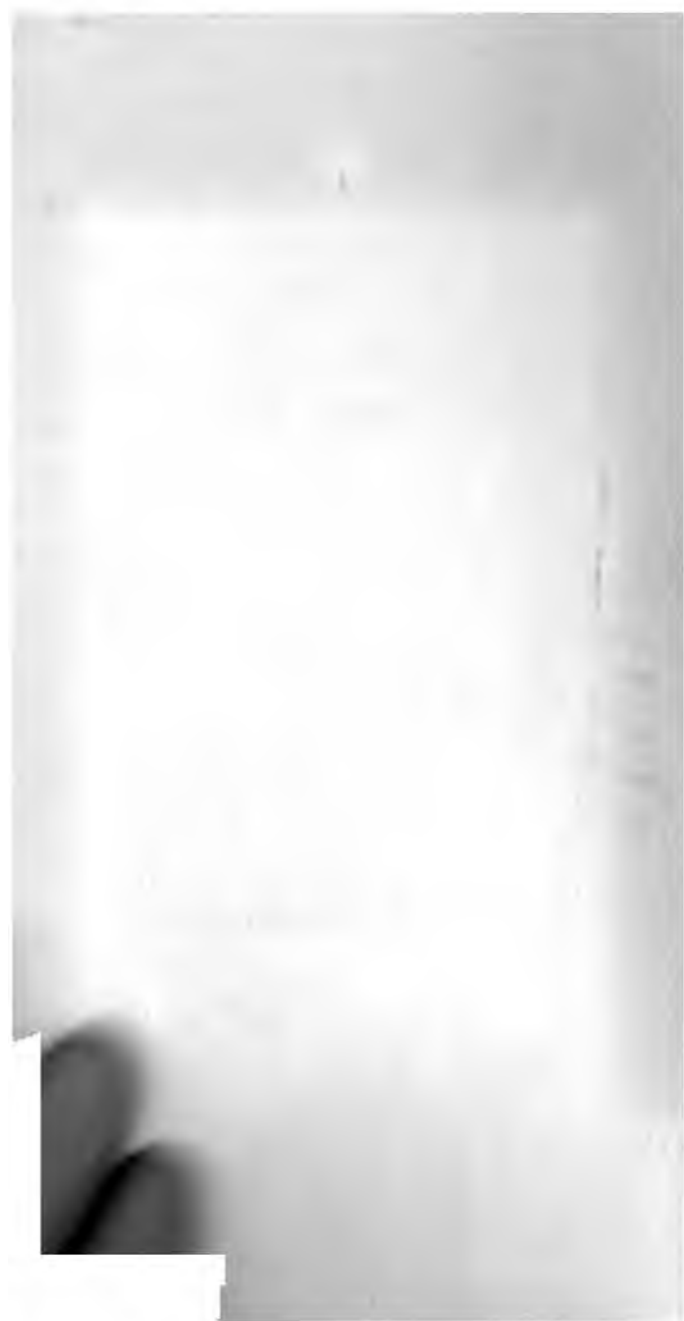
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**CORRESPONDENCE**  
**BETWEEN**  
**FRANCES,**  
**COUNTESS OF HARTFORD,**  
*(AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF SOMERSET,)*

**AND**  
**HENRIETTA LOUISA,**  
**COUNTESS OF POMFRET,**

**BETWEEN THE YEARS**  
**1738 AND 1741.**

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**IN THREE VOLUMES.**

**VOL. III.**

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## CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

LADY HARTFORD & LADY POMFRET.


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TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

London, Feb. 19, O. S., 1741.

I TOLD you in my last, dear madam, of the attack intended against sir Robert Walpole in the parliament. This was made on Friday the 13th: but it was impossible to foresee that it would have proved more to his honour than any occurrence which has happened in the course of his ministry. My lord Carteret began, in the house of lords, with an examination of treaties, from that at Ryswick till the

late convention; and closed by moving "That the house should present an address, humbly to advise and beseech his majesty that he would be graciously pleased to remove the right honourable sir Robert Walpole from his presence and councils for ever." This was debated till one in the morning; and the motion was rejected by one hundred and eight against fifty. The duke of Marlborough then moved, "That an attempt to inflict punishment on any person without allowing him an opportunity to make his defence, or without proof of any crime or misdemeanour committed by him, is against natural justice, the fundamental laws of the realm, and the ancient usage of parliament; and is a high infringement of the liberties of the subject." My lord Talbot answered this with a degree of rage which, it is said, was unprecedented in that house; and concluded his speech declaring that he should look on



every man as his enemy who agreed to that motion. However, eighty-one of them ventured his resentment; and fifty-four voted as he did.

In the house of commons, Mr. Sandys made the same motion that my lord Carteret had made in the house of peers; and desired that the chancellor of the exchequer\* might be ordered to withdraw. The debate lasted till past three o'clock on Saturday morning; but was carried in favour of sir Robert, by two hundred and ninety against one hundred and six. Several of the opposition party spoke for him very strongly, at the same time that they did not approve his measures. Amongst these were my lord Cornbury, Mr. Southwell, the two Mr. Harleys, and several others. Mr. Pulteney said very little; and even that, only just before sir Robert, who had

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\* Sir Robert Walpole.



desired to speak last. On the court side, Mr. Pelham, sir William Young, and Harry Fox, all spoke extremely well. Some of them said that they should not be satisfied with only rejecting the motion for the address; but, when that point was settled, would move for a vote of approbation of sir Robert's ministry.

When he came to speak himself, both parties agree that he did it with a dignity and eloquence which appeared like inspiration. He ended his speech by saying, that he had no favour to ask of those gentlemen who thought he deserved so severe a sentence as had been proposed: but of his friends he entreated,—nay, must insist,—that they would not think of any such motion as they had hinted at; because it would look like an act of indemnity for what was past: which he was far from desiring; since he was conscious that his conduct had been hitherto, and

he hoped always would be, such as might stand a scrutiny, and lay claim to the *justice* of an English parliament.

They then proceeded to a division, and the numbers proved as I told you; many of the patriots and country-party having left the house.

Since I began this, I have received a letter from your ladyship; which gives me great concern, by telling me you still keep your chamber. You would not be confined there for a trifling complaint.


A thousand thanks, dear madam, for lady Mary's epistle\*. It is a very just picture of my lord Bathurst's impatience and pursuits.—I begin to fear that the air of Richkings is whimsically infectious; for its former owner† had scarcely more pro-

\* A poetical epistle to lord Bathurst by lady Mary Wortley, sent with a former letter; but then omitted in the transcript for the press, from its being well known to the public.

† Lord Bathurst.

jects than my lord and myself find continually springing up in our minds about improvements there. Yesterday I was busy in buying paper, to furnish a little closet in that house, where I spend the greatest part of my time when I am within doors; and, what will seem more strange, bespeaking a paper ceiling for a room which my lord has built in one of the woods. The perfection which the manufacture of that commodity is arrived at, in the last few years, is surprising: the master of the warehouse told me that he is to make some paper at the price of twelve and thirteen shillings a yard, for two different gentlemen. I saw some at four shillings, but contented myself with that of only eleven-pence: which I think is enough to have it very pretty; and I have no idea of paper furniture being rich.

I enclose you some verses by Mrs. Carter, who gave them to me. She was here



the other morning, and surprised me with her looks and conversation. The former resemble those of Hebe: the latter has a tendency to a little pedantry; however, she has certainly real and extensive learning.

My lord Cathcart's death just at this juncture, gives every body great concern; as he was thought an extremely good officer, and a sensible man.

F. HARTFORD.

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#### A DIALOGUE BETWEEN BODY AND MIND.

SAYS Body to Mind, " 'Tis amazing to see  
 " We're so nearly related, yet never agree;  
 " But lead a most wrangling strange sort of life,  
 " As great plagues to each other as husband and  
   " wife.  
 " The fault's all your own; who, with flagrant  
   " oppression,

“ Encroach ev’ry day on my lawful possession.  
 “ The best room in my house\* you have seiz’d for  
   “ your own,  
 “ And turn’d the whole tenement quite upside  
   “ down :  
 “ While you hourly call in a disorderly crew †  
 “ Of vagabond rogues; who have nothing to do  
 “ But run in and out hurry-scurry, and keep  
 “ Such a horrible uproar I can’t get to sleep.  
 “ There’s my kitchen‡ sometimes is as empty as  
   “ sound :  
 “ I call for my servants§,—not one to be found !  
 “ They all are sent out on your ladyship’s errand—  
 “ To fetch some more riotous guest in, I warrant.  
 “ In short, things are going, I see, worse and  
   “ worse ;  
 “ I’m determin’d to force you to alter your  
   “ course !”

Poor Mind, who heard all with extreme moderation,

Thought ’twas now time to speak, and make her accusation.

\* The head.

† The thoughts.

‡ The stomach.

§ The spirits.

## MIND.

" 'Tis I who, I think, have most cause to com-  
 " plain;

" For I'm cramp'd and confin'd, like a slave in a  
 " chain.

" I did but step out, on some weighty affairs,

" To visit (last night) my good friends in the  
 " stars,—

" When, before I was got half as high as the  
 " moon,

" You sent Spleen and Vapours to hurry me  
 " down.

" *Vi et armis* they seiz'd me, in midst of my  
 " flight,

" And shut me in caverns as dark as the night."

" 'Twas no more," replied Body, " than what  
 " you deserv'd!—

" Whilst you rambled abroad, I at home was half-  
 " starv'd:

" And, unless I had closely confin'd you in  
 " hold,

" You'd have left me to perish with hunger and  
 " cold."

## MIND.

- " I've a friend in reserve\* ; who, though slow, is  
" yet sure,  
" And will rid me at last of your insolent pow'r :  
" Shall knock down your mud-walls, and whole  
" fabric demolish,  
" And at once your strong-holds and my slav'ry  
" abolish :  
" And whilst in the dust your dull ruins decay,  
" I shall snap off my chains, and fly freely away !"
- 

\* Death.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET\*.

London, Feb. 26, O.S., 1741.

THANKS, dearest madam, for those charming lines  
 Where Sappho's wit in sprightly lustre shines,—  
 When she, in early youth, to Bathurst wrote  
 The dictates of her own enliven'd thought :  
 Where, with such skill, with such unequal'd art,  
 She paints the charms and foibles of his heart ;  
 Whilst he, in vacant hours (if such he knew),  
 To Coln's clear stream and flow'ry banks withdrew,  
 There to project a beautiful retreat—  
 Of Love and Gaiety the destin'd seat—  
 Where maids of honour might with pleasure rove  
 Amongst the lab'rincths of the gloomy grove † ;  
 Where statesmen might forget the nation's cares,  
 And find a refuge from perplex'd affairs ‡.

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\* In answer to the letter alluded to in the first note in page 5, above.

† This frequently happened when the court was at Windsor.

‡ Lord Bolingbroke and sir William Wyndham were often there.



For such he form'd the well-contriv'd design ;  
 Nor knew that Fate (perverse) had mark'd it mine.  
 Amazing turn !—could human eyes foresee  
 That Bathurst planted, schem'd, and built, for me ?  
 That he, whose genius vast designs engag'd ;  
 Whom business surfeited, and rest enrag'd ;  
 Should 'range those alleys, bend those blooming  
     bow'rs,

To shelter me in my declining hours !  
 What strange delusions sway'd his tow'ring mind,  
 To think himself for such a spot design'd—  
 Within a pale of scarce two miles confin'd ! }  
 He, to whom China's wall would seem a bound  
 Too narrow for his thought's extensive round ;  
 Who, in the senate, Tully's fame would reach ;  
 In courts, magnificence to Persia teach ;  
 In deep philosophy, with Plato vie ;  
 With Newton, follow meteors through the sky ;  
 With gay Demetrius, charm (and leave !) the fair,—  
 Yet, with good breeding, shield them from despair.  
 Again I ask, could human eyes foresee  
 That such a one should plant and build for me ?  
 For me ! whom Nature soberly design'd  
 With nothing striking in my face or mind :  
 Just fitted for a plain domestic life,—  
 A tender parent, and contented wife.  
 Yet so has Fate decreed ;—perhaps to shew  
 The vanity of all our schemes below.

These arbours he for other guests had plann'd :  
 Where wits might muse, or politics be scann'd.  
 He stretch'd the lawn : and cut the smooth canal,  
 Where Cleopatra's gilded bark might sail ;  
 Or nymphs more modern might admire the scene,  
 Float on the wave, or dance upon the green !

Yet, to perfection when his work arriv'd,  
 His fancy tir'd of all his art contriv'd.  
 Careless he saw these walks and arbours, made  
 For one who only seeks retirement in their shade.

Like his are all the pleasures we pursue,  
 No more they charm us when no longer new.  
 Joy which delighted us in younger years,  
 To riper age a frantic dream appears.  
 Then, all we ask of Heav'n is balmy peace ;  
 And empty hopes, and flatt'ring prospects, cease.

So, in the evening of a sultry day,  
 When Phœbus hides his glories in the sea,  
 No more the vales afford a gaudy scene,  
 No more the groves present a cheerful green :  
 The rose in vain her glowing hue would boast,—  
 In dusky shades her radiant bloom is lost :  
 Resplendent feathers now no longer deck,  
 With varied charms, the constant wood-dove's neck ;  
 Bright sunny beams, alone, those colours paint,  
 And, they withdrawn, the borrow'd tinctures faint.  
 Yet in the twilight we with pleasure stray ;  
 Nor would recal the noon and scorching ray.

The sparkling stars heav'n's vaulted roof adorn :  
 The voice of Music warbles from the thorn ;  
 Where Philomel her plaintive note prolongs,  
 And distant echoes answer to her songs.  
 Refreshing gales a thousand odours yield,  
 Stol'n from the woodbine's breath, and new-mown  
 field.

Here let me stop !—ere you, my friend, are tir'd  
 Of verse, which pensive leisure first inspir'd :  
 But, grateful, own, before I close the page,  
 That not the interposing mists of age  
 Can from my soul your real merit hide ;  
 For ever valu'd, though too late descried !

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Saturday.

ABOUT ten this morning the abate Nicolini came, and went with us to the abate Martelli's apartment: which looks on the Piazza di Minerva; in the middle of which is an obelisk, on the back of a white marble elephant. One of the sides forms the front of a church; where, every year, on this day, the pope distributes to three hundred young women fortunes of from twenty to a hundred crowns each. This is a donation left many years since by a Greek cardinal. After divine service they make a procession from the great entrance (preceded by a cross and the canons of the church) round some streets, and return by another door. Their dress is of white woollen; having over it a very

large piece of woollen cloth, that is wrapt round the body and head so as to cover all but the eyes, nose, and forehead, in imitation of the ancient vestal virgins. Each carried a lighted candle in her hand: about fifty of the last wore crowns on their heads, and these were designed for nuns. But, as the pope did not come this way, we were taken by the signora Cenci (who is sister-in-law to my other protectress, and intends to share the office with her) to the Monte Cavallo, where the popes now reside.

This we found a most delightful situation. The palace seems very large. Between the palace and the two colossal statues, each holding a horse in his hand, which give name to the hill (formerly called Quirini), we stopped to see his holiness return home. At some distance before him, his light-horse advanced, in crimson short gowns richly trimmed with gold, holding in their right hands little flags of red and yellow silk.

After these followed the nobility, in the same (but black) dress, on very fine Neapolitan horses; then those of his bed-chamber, in long habits of purple silk. The pope was drawn by six white horses; the coachman riding on the first horse on the left hand. The coach was of crimson velvet on the outside, with gold mouldings. His litter and chair (both of the same velvet, with gilt nails) came next; and then the coaches of the cardinals that attend him, for there are always two in the coach with him when he goes out in state. I believe my description is not very full; for I was so intent on seeing the principal figure, that many others may have escaped me as he passed by our coach. He turned about, and gave his benediction very graciously. He has a good look; and is, they say, a well-bred good sort of a man.

My lady afterwards took me to the Four Fountains: from the centre of which place are seen four streets of a prodigious length,

three descending and one rising ; and this is one of the finest views in Rome. We drove next to the Monte della Trinità ; from whence we looked down upon the city, and saw the country which encompasses that side of it. When the signora had shewn me these beautiful views, she set me down at home : where, after dinner, I wrote my letters of thanks for those which I had received of recommendation ; and then, with my daughters, went to the Villa Lodovisia, which was built by Gregory the Fifteenth, and has a very agreeable garden of about a mile and a half in circumference. This is a wood ; in which are several pieces of antiquity scattered up and down, with fountains and buildings. It is within the city, as well as many more that I passed by in going to St. John of Lateran (the cathedral of Rome, new fronted by the late pope). Adjoining to this church is the Hospital for Orphans,—a palace built by Sixtus Quintus with a

design to live in it; and near it is another building of his, where the *Santa Scala* are. From the hill on which this church stands are to be seen several remains of old Rome; as, arcades, &c. In returning to our part of the town, we passed by the ruins of the Amphitheatre; but, as I shall hereafter take a more exact view of these antiquities, I will say no more of them to-night.

Sunday.

I have very little to say to-day: for, being invited by Mr. Naylor\* to dinner, I did not go out in the morning; and he dined so late, and the company was so agreeable (being the same that was at lord Lincoln's), that we had hardly time to leave our names at the doors of some of the Roman ladies who had been to see me, before it was dark;—when I returned

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\* Son of the then bishop of Chichester.



home, where all our countrymen and some other gentlemen came and drank tea with us. They are this minute gone; and I find myself extremely out of order with my old inflammation in my lungs. I cannot imagine where I got it, except in walking yesterday in the Lodovisia garden.

Monday.

Though I hardly slept all night, and could with difficulty speak to be heard this morning,—that I might lose none of the short time I have to stay here, I went to see the collection of pictures in the Terreno of the Borghese palace. These are really extremely fine, and numerous. The apartment runs through the whole building, ending at last in a view upon the Tiber. In almost every room are fountains of running water—some of porphyry, some of yellow alabaster, and one of silver—in different and pretty designs. The rooms are adorned with painting and

gilding. One is a sort of gallery, vastly rich in carvings and busts. The floor is of various sorts of marbles, inlaid.

In all the Roman princes' houses are canopies, under which they receive their vassals (for nobody else will come on those terms); and among these are some nobility, the prince of Colonna (for example) having six-and-thirty cities and towns that do him homage. The pope's picture is under all these canopies; and, if the owners have any thing in the Neapolitan state, the king of Naples's picture is there too.

The great square court of this palace is supported by a hundred granite pillars, of entire pieces; that form two fine colonnades, one over another, in all the four sides. From the middle of the apartment I saw a smaller court, full of fountains, statues, &c. I heard there are still more: which made me compare in my mind the three capitals I have already seen in Italy; of which one may justly enough say, that the

Florentines live in great and noble houses, the Genoese in vast and beautiful palaces, and the Romans in little cities full of riches and fine taste. The prodigious number of beautiful fountains; the well-paved large streets; open places ornamented with the noble remains of old Rome; the ruins of its former grandeur; the flourishing elegance of its present state, in the houses and gardens of the modern popes; and a thousand pleasing objects, too many to enumerate; make this city infinitely superior to any thing I ever saw — or, till I saw it, could imagine: and if at Florence I wished you there for my satisfaction, I now wish you here for your own.

Tuesday.

As Mr. Harvey told me last night that he had just received a letter from England, of his being made a captain of foot, with express orders to return by the latter end

of May, I gave up Mr. Parker to him for the few days he stays. Mr. Parker is a gentleman who goes about with the English to shew them what is most remarkable ; assisting them also in buying what pictures, prints, and other curiosities, they fancy most : he also hires lodgings, servants, &c. : for which he has a present of some zechins (the gold coin here) when they go away. I resigned him with the more satisfaction, because my cold is still very troublesome ; not, however, so much so, but that I drove about the town after dinner, till the night brought me home to receive company. I had one more than usual ; which was sir Edward Smith, a young Roman-catholic gentleman, whose aunt I am acquainted with. He leaves the place next Monday.

Wednesday.

Not going out this morning ; and only to shops and driving about the town in

the afternoon, till the hour of our usual visitors, whose conversation (though very agreeable) produced no materials for a letter ; I can only shew, by writing to-day, that, whether I am employed or not employed, you have always a share in my thoughts.

Thursday.

We were all dressed by nine this morning, in order to be conducted to the Vatican by the signora Cenci. It is strange that there should be such a difference in the same place, when inhabited and when not inhabited. What appeared ruinous when we saw it empty, seemed now the most glorious scene that art could form. The Clementine hall was the first we entered : having the count Petroni (one of the captains of the guards to the pope), and two of of his holiness's Swiss, to make way for us ; and indeed this was very necessary,—even that great apartment being as full of all

degrees, sexes, and nations, as we may remember London on the lord-mayor's feast, when we had the honour to sup with our royal mistress. These Swiss are so particular in their figure, that I will describe them to you as well as I can, for they still retain the same habit that they wore three hundred years ago—*viz.* stripes of blue and yellow cloth sewed together, and slashed with red ; leathern belts cross their shoulders ; and hats with white feathers ;—but the best description you will find of them is in the four knaves of a pack of cards. On such solemn occasions as these, they quit the belt and hat for a coat of mail and a helmet, with a halberd in their right hand ; and in this figure they conducted us to see the cardinal's table prepared, which was really a pretty sight. There were placed, for the whole length of the table, trees adorned with fruits, figures of saints finely dressed, and, in the middle, a religious history, all made in

white stucco, with painting and some gilding. On each side of this long table were the covers of the cardinals: each of them had a square piece of silver gilt, on which lay his bread, salt, vinegar, knife, fork, &c.; and over all these a napkin pinched and raised a foot high. About this were six or seven little round glass plates and covers; through which appeared all kinds of sweetmeats and pickles. In an adjoining room was a very large gilt side-board of old wrought plate. From hence we went to see the preparations for the thirteen pilgrims whom the pope entertains and serves this day. This table was much the same as the other, only without the square gilt salvers. Our next amusement was in the major-domo's apartment, from a window of which we saw the pope, seated and attended by his court, in the balcony over the great gate of St. Peter's church. Here was read aloud, in Latin and Italian, the bull of excommunications;

and then the pope threw down a lighted torch, saying, "so let all heresy be extinct," whilst the cannons from the citadel joined their thunder to his. Immediately after came flying down the indulgence; and then his holiness gave his blessing to the kneeling crowd, who filled the whole vast piazza before the church. We then removed, by the help of the Swiss and the gentlemen with us, to a little private window that looked down on the room where the pope washed the feet of thirteen poor priests, in imitation of what our Saviour did to his apostles. At the upper end of the room is a throne erected for the pope, who is brought here in an open chair, in all his robes. Of these he divests himself in the sight of the people; and having taken off his triple crown, descends in a white linen vestment, attended by the prelates, who carry what is necessary for the office he is about to perform. On one side of this room are seated the thirteen



apostles, drest in close woollen habits, with square caps of the same: their feet rest on another raised bench, between which and the rail covered with scarlet cloth that keeps off the crowd, there is room for the pope and his attendants to pass. One of the latter carries a silver gilt vessel of water, in which the pope puts the apostles' feet, one by one; then takes a towel from another of his prelates, wipes them, kisses them; and, having received a palm from a third, gives it into the hand of the poor priest, in sign of peace, and passes on to the next. When this is finished they are conducted to the table, where the pope serves them all round in the same manner, and then retires; leaving them to finish their dinner, which, from behind a curtain, we saw them doing. There seemed great plenty and variety. All that remains is put into baskets and given to them, as well as a gold medal to each. They all sit on benches on one side of the table,

and the pope and prelates serve them on the other. We had now only to see the cardinals at dinner, which by particular favour we did. They were dressed in purple, by way of mourning, and were seated on red velvet arm-chairs, over against each other. The dinner was as fine as meagre-day would admit of. We left them to return to ours; being heartily tired with walking, and running, and standing (as each in its turn was necessary), with very little sitting, for five hours together. At between five and six in the afternoon the countess Bolognetti called on us to go to the Vatican, in order to hear the *Miserere*; which we did, (against all rule) seated in the very chapel of the pope; but did not dare to advance far enough to see the manner in which the cardinals and prelates were placed, which I am informed is very fine. The music is exceedingly solemn and expressive, and, though performed by voices only, sounds

so like being accompanied by an organ, that, without being told, it is impossible to know the difference. When this was finished we went to a lesser chapel, where the sacrament was exposed in an illumination so great that it rivaled day ; being beautifully disposed over the whole place, where the richest perfumes were burning.

Friday.

Having staid at home all this morning impatient for the post, at last it has arrived, and, to my infinite satisfaction, brought me two of your letters. How agreeable can you make even the disorders of factious envy !—but how much above all praise is your verse !—such sentiments ! such language ! such goodness for me ! I have read it three times over, and can now only leave it to thank you for it ; but, to do that, no words are sufficient, unless, like you, I could make a Clio attend me whenever I pleased ; and were that in

my power, I do assure you I should think I repaid her gifts, when I employed them on so noble a subject as doing justice to your merit, which you treat too lightly. The signora Cenci is come to the door to carry me to some of the sights of this week, the description of which I must leave to be told to-morrow, having now only time to sign myself,

Most affectionately yours,

H. L. POMFRET.

Rome, March 31, N. S., 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.


Saturday.

I WAS so full of your delightful letter, that I quite forgot to thank your ladyship in my last for Mrs. Carter's Dialogue, which is very pretty and new. I am sorry she takes a pedantic turn, for her way of thinking deserves to wear polite language; which, since you admit her to your dressing-room (where I hope to see her some time or other), I do not doubt but she will have judgement enough to learn. Now to my journal.

After I had sealed my letter to your ladyship, I was conducted by the signora Cenci through the streets for near three miles. All the way we went, wherever there happened to be *pizzicaroli* shops

(that is, where hams, tongues, and other salted meats, are sold) they were set out with greens, flowers, and paintings of landscapes in perspective, one room behind another, and little glass lamps burning in every part. They made the prettiest scene imaginable, and recalled Vauxhall to my memory ; which seemed to have been cut in pieces and sent here. This ceremony is to welcome-in Easter, when the trade begins to be again flourishing. I was told that the confectioners do the same by their shops at Christmas. The place we went to see was la Trinita del Pellegrini—a community first settled in the time of pope Julius the Third. They have a cardinal protector, a prelate, a guardian, and a numerous brotherhood of all degrees, out of whom are deputed the upper officers. These are most of them noble, and, as well as the others, wear a red glazed linen frock over their clothes, and a white short apron tied about their

waists, when they are performing any part of their duty in the house, or when they attend processions. For the latter, every one receives sixpence, and a wax-torch of four pounds weight. All this goes to their public expense: but they have, besides, great fixed revenues, and almost daily donations that are left or given to them. Here are received, the whole year round, all pilgrims who can bring a patent from the bishop of their diocese, or the pope's nuncio, to certify that devotion is the occasion of their journey and that forty miles is the shortest distance they have come. When we arrived, a person in the dress I before described, attended by two others that held torches, gave me his hand to get out of the coach; and I, not then knowing that the nobility for mortification occasionally exercised these employments in person, was surprised to find it the husband of the lady who brought me. She overlooked, for that evening, the



apartment of the women, where we were first conducted. We entered a very large room, with long tables on each side, which this night was to entertain two hundred and sixty; for always in Passion-week the number is greatest. The manner in which they are served is this:—a sallad is placed in the middle, round which are five other dishes well filled, and prettily garnished; and next to these, four white jugs, with as many white bowls to drink out of, that cover them; then the sallad and five dishes again, and then other white jugs; and so alternately, from one end of the table to the other. Benches are placed on each side: and there are four people to each mess; each having, also, a plate of soup and a wooden spoon. All they leave is their own; and they are entertained three nights (but no more) with supper and lodging. When we entered, the room was full of people well dressed, that, by way of penance, came to




wait on these poor beggars, who all attended in an adjoining room till their meal was in order. I looked in; but cannot describe the dirt, the noise, and oddness of the crew, that had arrived from all parts of the known world. When they were placed, the prelate (in the same red frock) gave the benediction, and they began to eat heartily. As I went down the room, one of their attendants, who waited with great diligence (as they all did), stole so much time from her office as to turn about and tell me that she intended, as soon as this week of devotion was over, to make me a visit. I was so much amazed, that I did not know what to answer, when the signora Cenci whispered me, that it was the duchess St. Martino, and added (smiling), "this is nothing: we all come by turns: and wash their feet on other nights; but, as they have made a procession to-day to St. Peter's, there is not time." I said, "I hoped

• their feet were washed by themselves first?"

"No, indeed" (said she): "Last night I am sure they were not, for I performed that office myself." The place where they sleep is a long room, and wide enough to admit of two beds on each side, one at the foot of the other; through all these I walked, to the bottom, where is an altar, and upon it a crucifix, for their devotions. Two people lie in each bed, and they have clean sheets twice a-week. Having seen this, we went next to the men's apartment (but I must not forget to tell you, that men are only permitted to see the men, and women, the women; unless by a particular order), which is ~~is~~ much larger and more handsome; they having two rooms to eat in, and two to sleep in. The crowd of pilgrims and others that came to see them was so offensive to my nose, that I could with great difficulty support the walking through them, to see the place where they wash their feet. It is a square room, with raised benches on all sides, and lower

benches under for their feet to rest on ; with little tubs, and two cocks of water, one hot and the other cold, to each person. To my great comfort, there was a door to get to our coaches without returning again to the seven hundred and sixty pilgrims ; for that number was feasted to-night, besides the ladies I saw above. The order, the plenty, the cleanness, and I may say elegance, in which they are served, is prodigious, and took my admiration so much that I fear I have extended my discourse about it to a tiresome length. However, I will be more moderate in what regards to-day ; of which I can only tell you, that I staid at home all the morning ; drove about the streets after dinner ; and drank tea this evening with lord Lincoln, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Dashwood, Mr. Naylor, &c. ; some or all of whom, besides foreigners, come to us every evening during these latter days of Lent, when company do not meet in public.



Sunday.

The abate Niccolini was with us before nine this morning, in order to conduct us to St. Peter's church, where the pope was to celebrate mass. The high altar was the most magnificent (without being in the least taudry) that I ever saw. There were only seven candles, the middle one a little advanced forward. The candlesticks, a large crucifix, and all the vessels, were of gold, finely imagined and wrought; and on the sides were laid the triple crowns. What is different here from most churches, is, that the great entrance is at the east end; so that the pope, in performing the office, had his face turned that way. The altar, which is placed just under the dome, is of Corinthian brass, taken from the Pantheon and cast into this form by Urban the Eighth, whose arms are upon it. Four vast pillars, twisted, and wreathed about with foliage and cherubim, gilt (as well

he is dean of the college, and was attended as such to-day—cardinal Corsini (nephew to the late pope) performing the office of deacon. There is some difference in the habits of each degree; but all wear white and gold (these being the colours for Easter). The cardinals embroider on their vestments the arms of the pope that made them and their own, joined together, under the scarlet hat. When the time of consecration came, the pope returned to the altar—(in the procession he had retired from it)—with six men in white surplices bearing lighted candles, and all his attendants before him. Having blessed the wine and wafer he returned to his throne: standing before which, he took the sacrament; it being brought to him by the dean and deacon. The pope does not drink the wine, like other priests, but sucks it through a little pipe. He then administered to all the cardinals and prelates there, on their knees. The choir soon

finished singing the rest of the service; and his holiness, assuming his robes and mitre, passed through the crowd, in an open chair borne on men's shoulders, to the balcony that he was in on Thursday. From thence he gave his blessing to the people. We went again to the major-domo's apartment, where he sent the triple crowns and mitres for us to look at. There are four of the first, and two of the last, made by different popes. The ground-work is of pearl; over which are a vast number of precious stones, many of them of prodigious size. There was also a *pettorale* of gold, which Benvenuto Cellini, in his life written by himself, mentions the making of. In the afternoon the contessa Bolognetti, in an extremely fine coach, came to carry us to the Corso, and afterwards to her own house; where she had invited all the nobility in Rome to meet us; and her great apartment was most magnificently lighted, as well as nobly furnished with a

very rich collection of pictures, crimson velvet and gold, great glasses, fine tables, &c. In their chief room, which is called the room of audience, all the nobility have the pope's picture hung up. When the whole assembly was collected together (which in rich clothes and jewels might vie with those of any birth-day), in which were all the English as well as other foreigners, a tall, fair, young man came in, whom they called *il Principe*\*; and for whom a party of cards being made, the rest of the company disposed themselves to play or walk about, as they liked best. As I had a curiosity to see that person, I staid some time in the room, at a distance from the table where he was, and then walked about with the others, not caring to play.

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\* The young Chevalier de St. George.

Monday.

My morning being employed in my own room, I did not dress till towards six ; half an hour after which the contessa Bolognetti came again in the same coach to carry us to the Corso : in driving through which we saw the Pretender and his youngest son pass by in their coaches. I have now seen the whole family; which, had it not been for this accident, I should have left Rome without doing,—the father never going out but to church, and the youngest son having been ill. We went at night to the contessa Petroni, who had also opened her best apartment for us, and invited most of the same company, who played at cards in the several rooms. These were furnished in a very elegant taste with crimson and gold, though they are neither so large nor numerous as those of last night.



Tuesday.

We dined to-day with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Castleton, being invited by them to meet the same company as we had done twice before. Our entertainment was very handsome; and when it was over, we made some visits; and at nine o'clock called on the contessa Bolognetti, who went with us to the marchese Crescenci's; where there was an assembly to-night, larger than ordinary, on our account. The house is old, and the rooms unequal; but the chief one is very large, with a rich ceiling, and painted on the sides. Here we staid till twelve, for that is the hour of going home in Rome; which makes me very sleepy in the mornings.

Wednesday.

As I foresaw last night, I was so sleepy this morning that I could not rise in time to be dressed before dinner, and therefore was employed in that occupation till five

in the afternoon; when the marchesa Patrizzii called on us to go and see the Castle St. Angelo, originally called Moles Adriani. There only remains the middle part; the lower building that projected being destroyed, as well as the upper part. Some of the pillars support St. Paul's church; and some of the statues adorn the great-duke's gallery, and other collections; while the brass pine-apple that crowned it, lies in one of the courts of the Vatican. Thus is the noble monument broken and dispersed in its ornamental parts; whilst the vast solid mass, built to contain the ashes of a single man, is hollowed out into a fortress, where, besides the apartments inhabited by Clement the Seventh during the siege and sack of Rome, there are numerous others for prisoners, officers, and soldiers. The duke of Palombaro, who is castellano, met us at the entrance, with his soldiers under arms, and conducted us into a very

large and well-proportioned hall, with a fine ceiling, and painted on the sides. This was fitted up by pope Paul the Third. On our entrance a well-chosen concert of music immediately struck up. We passed on to an apartment furnished with crimson and gold; in which was prepared a table with all sorts of ice and biscuits. When we had eaten of these, he conducted us into a lesser apartment, of his own building, on the top of the castle; from which, on all sides, are beautiful views of the Tiber, the city, and the distant country, even to the sea. In going away, he made us promise to come again another time, and bring our countrymen with us, the weather not permitting us to walk about and see the fortifications to-day; which, as much as I could observe, are (like the Horse-Guards in England) suited to a peaceful prince.

We were then taken by the same lady to the marchesa Nari's assembly. This

was in her private apartment ; and the company was not numerous : however, we staid till the card-tables broke up ; and, therefore, it is too late to say any thing more than good night.

Thursday.

At ten this morning the signora Cenci came to carry us to the pope's palace at Monte Cavallo ; where the great hall was hung with crimson and gold for the occasion. At the upper end, a canopy and chair of state were placed for his holiness. On one side was erected an altar ; and at the lower part of the room there was an enclosed scaffold for the ladies to sit and see the consecration of the *agnus-deis*. These are medals of white wax—some large, some small—prepared by the religious of St. Bernard. On one side is the Holy Lamb ; and on the reverse, some saint or sacred history, according to the size. The pope and cardinals have white

short aprons, as well as the prelates that wait on them. Each has a vessel of holy water and oil before him, in which he puts the *agnus-dei*; and, having blessed them, he takes them out with a silver ladle, and returns them to the prelates in the same vessel that they brought them in from the Bernardines, who wait at the bottom of the room to give others, and take them back. The only difference between the pope and cardinals in officiating is, that the first is under his canopy, and has a silver gilt vessel, as also the wax brought to him in large silver gilt basins; whereas the cardinals are placed at equal distances down the room, and are served with wooden trays covered with silver. This ceremony being finished, all the medals were laid together in another room; where the pope went, in a little kind of procession, to give his final benediction. He then retired: after which we went down to look at them, and

to see the order of the room more plainly. I asked some of my acquaintance amongst the priests, prelates, and abates, what was the virtue of these; but could get no answer, except that their consecration was an old custom. Yet, at last, finding one that knew nothing of me, I was told, they preserved from danger in child-birth, plague, fire, and tempests. On this I immediately made interest to get some,—that I might, at last, make your ladyship a valuable present, as a reward for your being so thankful for nothing at all. In the evening I went, as appointed, to the contessa Bolognetti's, who went with us to the contessa Soderini's assembly: it was a very pretty one; but not so large as some I have seen. Her apartment was above stairs, but newly furnished; and it makes a better shew (as I heard) than her state one under it.

Friday.

In receiving my letters this morning, I was very much disappointed to find none from your ladyship. However, I venture to go on with this, knowing with what goodness you receive my weak endeavours to amuse you. Soon after dinner the marchesa Patrizzii came, and took us to see the great Farnese palace, built by Paul the Third for his natural son, whom he made duke of Parma. This is the finest piece of modern architecture that I have seen, being the work of Michael Angelo. Here is the famous gallery painted by Annibal Caracci, which cannot have too much said of it. Here also is a celebrated statue of Hercules; and in a little pent-house near stands Augustus on Horseback, of admirable workmanship; and the finest group now subsisting of Tying a Woman to a Bull's Horns. All these, as well as the unfurnished palace, belong to the king of Naples.

They lie neglected, and are going fast to ruin. I forbear mentioning porphyry pillars, fountains, &c., for Rome is so full of them, that, if I should take notice of all its treasures of that sort, I should fill my letters with nothing else. From hence the marchesa carried us to her own house, to drink tea in her closet; which is fitted up with all the taste of Italy, and all the convenience of England. On green velvet hangings are frames of white and gold, filled with fine old china, quite white, to a vast quantity. Her tea-table, her books, her works, her easy-chair, and a good fire in her chimney; her own free good-humour, and partiality to our country; made our afternoon extremely agreeable. We finished the night by a visit to the princess Borghese, all together.

And now, dear madam, I have a piece of news to tell you that, I flatter myself, will not be disagreeable: which is, that we are resolved not to go to Naples; but



to set out for England directly from hence, as soon as the pope's taking possession is over. However, I beg I may not be deprived of your letters, for they will be sent after me ; and though they should not reach me till I see you, yet I shall, in every place and company, think myself enriched by them. My sincere compliments, and those of my family, ever attend you. Adieu !

H. L. POMFRET.

Rome, April 7, N. S.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET\*.

London, March 12, O. S., 1741.

IT was a very great self-denial to me, dear madam, to let the last mail go without a letter for your ladyship: but we went to Richkings, with a design to pass only four days there; and the night before we were to come away, my lord Hartford was seized with a severe fit of the gout, which obliged me, as we were quite alone, to sit whole days, and pretty late at nights, in his room; where the violence of his pain made it impossible for me to write, or, indeed, think of any thing but what he suffered. However, I thank God! he is got well again. We came to town on Saturday. Since which time an

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\* In answer to the letter in vol. ii., p. 255.

accident has happened, which, I may own to your ladyship, has cost me abundance of tears, and a very sincere affliction; for I have lost a very valuable old servant (and, I may add, a faithful and tender friend), who took me from my nurse; and, as she was neither by her birth nor education designed for the station her misfortunes had placed her in, my mother entrusted her with the care of teaching us what she thought necessary toward making us reasonable women and Christians. If her endeavours have not had all the success she could have wished, we had no body to blame but ourselves, since she certainly executed her part with the utmost prudence and fidelity. *You* will not wonder, dear madam, that the death of such a person touches me, who have made so kind mention of one (whom I fancy like her) in your charming verses.

I have been very agreeably entertained with the little book you have been so good

as to send me by Mr. Coke, and have taken many turns in the Giardino del Ridolfi.

I hear that Mrs. Conyers has received most surprising benefit from taking Ward's medicines; so that I hope you will soon have the good news of her perfect recovery. This, and every other happiness to you and your family, is most sincerely wished by,

Dear madam, &c. &c.,

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD\*.

Saturday.

THIS night ended the round of assemblies to which I have been introduced; and I am now free to go, or not, as I please, for the rest of my stay in this city.

After having returned some more visits, I went at nine to call on the contessa Bolognetti, who conducted us to the signora Falconieri's. Her apartment is a very fine one; and, as she is young and genteel, her house was filled with the *beau monde*. As I had done to all the others, I did to this—I staid till the end; but, after the first time (that they have illuminated their best apartments, and made invitations to their acquaintance to meet us), that will

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\* In answer to the last.

not be necessary; and I shall for the future both go later, and return earlier; for I live with much more ease here, than at any place I have been at for these two years and three quarters. I mean with respect to company; for keeping out of that, forms can be necessary nowhere.

Sunday.

The bad weather this morning kept us from going to see palaces, and the mass from going to see churches; so that, till after dinner, I did not leave my own comfortable fire-side. As it then ceased to rain, I finished my visits, and returned home to receive a friendly one from the marchese Patrizzi; who, with about a dozen gentlemen, English and Italians, drank tea and spent the evening with us. We talked much of the English conquest over the French and Spanish in the West Indies. I hope on Friday to hear the confirmation of it from England; and

some particulars of the Prince Frederic man-of-war, in which I am principally interested.

Monday.

As this was the day appointed to go again to the Castle St. Angelo, we all dressed in the morning, and dined early, in order to be ready for the marchesa Patrizzii, who came at four in the afternoon. All the English were assembled here, and, by calling on another lady in our way, we made a train of eight coaches in all; and were received by many more gentlemen and ladies when we came there. The entertainment was in the same manner as before; but, as we had more time, we went to the very top of the fortress, and had a full and extensive view of the whole Campagna Romana. We afterwards saw the little room where cardinal Coscia lived seven years a close prisoner, for his bad administration under

Benedict the Thirteenth, till the death of his successor, Clement the Twelfth, released him, to sit in the conclave. The old and new armoury were also shewn us. Both the rooms are small; and in the first all the arms are out of use. Amongst many other antiquated things, was a pistol that had belonged to the constable Bourbon, the famous lover of the queen of Navarre, killed in besieging Rome: and also the red armour, half mail and half silk, in which Clement the Eighth took possession of Ferrara. The new room was in good order; but the arms were fewer than in any armoury I have seen since I came abroad. We concluded the evening in the marchesa Patrizzii's delightful china-closet.

Tuesday.

This morning we went to the Palazzo Pamfilia. This family had its last rise from a pope of that name, called Inno-



cent the Tenth. The architecture is bad ; but the collection of pictures within makes it very well worth seeing. The apartments are large ; and furnished, besides the paintings, with gold and crimson velvet. The tables are of antique marbles. There is a great deal of fine old tapestry, with the colours quite fresh ; and looking-glasses in abundance adorn a gallery that runs over the colonnade on all sides of one of the square courts below. In this palace are a great quantity of Gasper Poussin's landscapes. He was a menial servant in the family, and worked for eighteen-pence a day. Here are also his brother Nicolo's Seven Sacraments ; and, indeed, some piece of every famous master ; and most of them in the utmost perfection. I went from hence to see a celebrated statue of Meleager, found in a private gentleman's garden about an hundred years ago, almost entire. It is one of the best in Rome.

After dinner I went to St. John de Lateran's. This is the first cathedral of Rome, and the church where all the emperors, after the division of the empire, were crowned, and where every new pope still comes to take possession. It has five aisles. The middle aisle is very large; and the twelve apostles, in white marble (by the best modern artists) are placed, one between every arch that composes it, under a canopy of grey marble, supported by two pillars of verde antique. On each side of this aisle are two lesser aisles; and beyond them, on each side, a larger, in which are little chapels. The ceiling is carved and gilt, and the pavement Mosaic. This church was new cleaned; and a very beautiful portico and front were built to it by the late pope, as well as an extremely rich and beautiful chapel adjoining, intended as a burial place for himself and family. The canons of the church are, however, so

ungrateful as to deny his body entrance, after all he did for their cathedral, unless his heirs will pay a vast fine, which they pretend they have a right to. About the middle of this church lies, under a brass bas-relievo of his figure, pope Martin the Fifth, and the only one of the Colonna family.

When we returned home, lord Lincoln and the other English came, and staid with us till about nine; when we went to the signora Cenci's, where there were some card-tables, and her best apartment was lighted up to receive us.

Wednesday.

We dined to-day at Mr. Dashwood's, and in the afternoon the contessa Bolognetti carried us to see the villa Patrizzii; but as it rained when we came there, it was impossible to walk about it. From thence we went and drank coffee with the baronessa Piccolomini; where, amongst

other company, I saw my lady Nithsdale\*, who managed so cleverly in getting her lord out of the Tower the night before he was to have been beheaded. She is now grown very old, but has much of a woman of quality, and is in great esteem here: yet I was told, that, since the death of her daughter, lady Bellew, she seldom goes out, except to church. We finished the evening at the contessa Bonarelli's; where there was a little assembly, in a small but very pretty apartment.

Thursday.

This morning, by appointment, I called on the signora Cenci, to go to the Monte

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\* The earl of Nithsdale was impeached for high treason, in the year 1715, and condemned to lose his head: he, however, made his escape in woman's apparel, furnished and conveyed to him, not by his lady, but his mother; whom, doubtless, this person was.

de Pietá. This is certainly the greatest pawnbroker's shop in the world, and, in its kind, one of the noblest charities. Sixtus Quintus, observing the exorbitant usury practised by the Jews, to the ruin of all that were obliged to deal with them, in borrowing money, gave encouragement to this foundation; which is supervised by the pope's treasurer, and under him managed by forty persons of the first quality; who elect one another, and meet every Monday, and sit and consider how to regulate and carry on their business: which is done in the exactest method imaginable, each officer under them having his rooms, books, and particular employments. The building is very large; and all the several offices are not only capacious, but many are well ornamented, and all convenient. Any person that brings a pawn, may borrow from sixpence to thirty crowns, without paying any interest; but all that is

lent above that sum pays after the rate of two per cent *per annum*: at the end of the year the borrower may renew, which is done with no expense; but at the end of two years, if the pledge be not redeemed, nor the interest of the money paid, the pledge is sold, and the overplus of the debt is laid by for the owner, who has it in his power to demand it any time within a hundred years. The goods fill whole suits of rooms, from the lowest household stuff to the finest jewels; and from the year 1585, that it first began, to this day, it has been carried on with so much order and exactness, that the bank has never lost a debt, nor any creditor a pawn; for notwithstanding the vast number of pledges, the managers know immediately where to find the most minute thing they want. We were received by conte Petroni, one of the forty, in the council-room; which is hung with red damask and very good pictures. He entertained us with ice and

chocolate. Near this place is their little church, of an oval form; the walls of which are lined with verde antique, and are adorned with pilasters of other fine marbles, great basso-relievos, and statues of white marble, finely executed. When we had spent the morning here, we returned home to dinner; and at night we went to the contessa Soderini's assembly, from whence I am just returned to give you this account of your faithful humble servant.

Friday.

We went this morning to see the palace Albani, where there is a very good collection of pictures. In the furthest room of the princess's apartment, the hangings are of crimson velvet; and in the middle of each piece, and over the doors, are worked, in tapestry of different shades of gold, pictures after the designs of Raphael, and done in his life-time. This family was made great by Clement the Eleventh, their uncle,

who reigned above twenty years. Having time, we went from hence to see the Aurora of Guido, painted on the ceiling of a summer-house, in a little garden belonging to the Rospiglioso palace, one of the residences of another pope's family. When I came home I found your ladyship's letter, which I read with real concern; for at our time of life to lose a person that has known and loved one from a child, is a misfortune which experience alone can teach one the true sense of. But I will not dwell on so moving a subject; only give me leave to add, that, if I live to return to England, I hope you will look on me in the same light, as to the sincerity of my esteem and affection for you, though of a later date.

After dinner I went to see Santa Maria Maggiore's church, the third cathedral of Rome, and inferior to the others. A range of marble columns, taken from an ancient temple of Juno, on each side, divides the



body of the church into one great aisle and two lesser ones. The only finery here are the two side chapels—one built by Sixtus Quintus, the other by Paul the Fifth; both alike, and both extremely fine; each containing their founder's tomb.—Being not far distant, I went to see the old church of Santa Croce in Gierusalemme, said to be built by St. Helen, who, having found and brought the cross of Christ into Italy, first let it rest there. All this history is painted, by some very old master, on the ceiling at the further end of the church, which is small and no way fine. I then went home to dress, and visit the princess Borghese, where one always hears what news is stirring from every part of the world. The disgrace of general Munich; the imprisonment of the cardinal Zinzendorf; the execution of the grand vizier; with the actions of the king of Prussia, and the joining of our fleet; were the topics to-night. How they will affect

my dreams I do not know ; but, whilst I  
wake, I am always your's,

H. L. POMFRET.

P. S.—My lord Pomfret intends leaving  
this place in a month : so be so good to di-  
rect henceforward for me, and enclose your  
letter to Mr. Smith, banker, at Venice.

Rome, April 14, N. S., 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

London, March 19, 1741.

THE French mail is not yet come in: so that I am still in expectation of hearing that your ladyship and family have fixed a time for leaving Florence. I shall be heartily glad to hear of your safe arrival at Rome; for the thoughts of the fatigue you are to sustain on the road thither, will haunt me till I know you have passed it without a return of your illness.

Marriage seems once more to be coming into fashion. My lord Sandwich was married last week to miss Fane; and there are several other matches ready against Easter: among whom are my lord Aylesford's daughter, lady Frances Finch, to sir William Courteney; Mrs. Marsham to sir Jacob Bouverie; and Mrs. Ellwell to my

lord Onslow. They talk of several others, one of which (if true) you are likely to know more of than I, and that is lady Lucy Manners to Mr. Conyers.

I hope the queen of Hungary's son's birth will prove of as great consequence towards settling the affairs of Europe, as I am persuaded the elector palatine's death will to the embroiling of them.

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD\*.

Saturday.

I HAVE very little to tell you, dear madam, to-day; having idled it all away at home, till about two hours before night, when I drove about the streets purely for a little exercise, and in my way went into a church belonging to the convent of St. Cecilia. Here the nuns were performing their office, which I heard from the gilded grates that run along the sides of the church towards the top. The altar here is covered with a canopy of old Gothic work in white and gold, and is supported by four small pillars of antique marble: at its foot is a fine recumbent statue, in white marble, of the saint whose body is supposed

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\* In answer to the last.

to be buried here ; and before it, for the breadth of the great aisle, is an enclosure with rails of a fine pavement of all sorts of beautiful marble. Upon these rails, and about the church, are continually burning an hundred lamps. In going out I observed, just within the door on one side, a tomb of white marble, with a figure in episcopal robes lying on it : in the middle were the arms of France and England quartered, with the coronet used by the younger children of our former kings : on each side was St. George's cross in a shield, under a cardinal's hat ; and there was an inscription, that no way informed me who it was, dated 1395. When I returned home, our countrymen, as usual, came and drank tea with us, and we all went to the marchesa Patrizzii's assembly, to conclude the evening.

Sunday.

Being ashamed to have entertained you no better yesterday, I resolved to endea-

vour at finding more variety for to-night, and as soon as I had breakfasted I went to the Barberini palace, in which I think they reckon four thousand rooms. This was produced from the riches acquired by the family in the long popedom of their uncle, Urban the Eighth. Here are collected together vast quantities of painting, pillars, bas-relievos, busts, tapestry, silver vessels, &c.; but they are so crowded and ill kept, that they appear a heap of fine things going to ruin as fast as possible: and of the many apartments I passed through, I could not see one comfortable room, nor a piece of furniture that seemed to have been of any use since the death of the first owner. However, it must be allowed that there are here many pleasing as well as fine things. There are a whole-length Magdalen, with two cherubims, by Guido; a fine landscape, with the Angel dictating the Gospel to St. Matthew, by Nicolo Poussin; and a well-designed and.

beautifully executed picture of Pietro di Cortona, representing the Reconciliation of Esau and Jacob. Of this last master there are a great number of cartoons, as also some hangings worked from his paintings. In one of the rooms stood (as if the owner did not know what to do with it) a square ebony cabinet inlaid with silver finely engraved with figures and foliage; the first representing the seasons of the year, the geniuses of the several nations of the world; and other emblems. It opens on all sides; has drawers; is a writing-desk, an organ, and a clock; and all in very elegant taste and pretty shape. It was a present to pope Urban, and might have been to any prince whatever. If I mention no other particulars, you must not conclude that the collection is defective, but that I have omitted many things for fear of tiring you, and because I did not know how to praise them as they deserve. After dinner I went out to visit churches;



the first of which was that of St. Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuit order. The cupola is a master-piece of perspective; for though the ceiling is flat, it is so contrived by the painting (which is all in black and white) that from the middle of the great aisle it appears not only to rise to a great height, and be crowned with a lantern, but one even sees the light that comes through it. The side aisles are composed of little chapels with cupolas, some of them very well painted in colours. There is one in particular, dedicated to the saint, that has (besides a vast many other ornaments) four large twisted pillars of verde antique, wreathed round with foliage of gilt brass, and attended by two weeping cherubims in white marble. Here too is a very fine tomb of pope Gregory the Fifteenth.

From hence I went to another church of the same order, where there is an altar adorned with pillars of lapis lazuli, that appeared fluted with gold. It is impossi-

ble to describe justly the beauty and riches of these sacred fabrics; and even that of the begging friars, called Carmelites, yields to none for gilding, sculpture, painting, marble, and neatness, though not so large as any of the others which I have mentioned. The great church of the Carthusians (a part of Dioclesian's baths) strikes one with admiration; not on account of the ornaments, for there are few or none, but from its height and size, and some remaining columns of great beauty. I saw here, over against one another, the tombs of two modern painters, very much and very deservedly esteemed in their different ways; Salvator Rosa for landscapes, and Carlo Maratt for history. As the evening was now coming on, I called on the marchesa Patrizzii, to carry her to Mr. Pitt's, where we were all invited to a concert of music.

Monday.

This morning the whole colony of En-

glish here were assembled at the Palazzo Storzzi, where the princess di Forano, with some other ladies and her two sons (the duke and cavalier Storzzi), received us, and having conducted us through a most magnificent apartment (finely furnished, up one pair of stairs) took us into the *mexzanini*, where the family live. These are lower rooms and more comfortably furnished. Here we were shewn a very large and fine collection of shells, intaglios, cameos, medals, marbles, &c. ; which (with drinking chocolate) took up the whole morning very agreeably; and we had hardly time to get home and dine before the hour arrived when we were all to be at the marchesa Patrizzii's, who went with us to see the Villa Pamfilia, a little way out of the town. The gardens and farms about it are the most agreeable imaginable; and as I walked round the latter, I could not help fancying I was in an English park. The house is very small,

but not without the Italian finery of busts, pillars, &c. From hence we went to visit the duchess Corsini, where, in the apartment of the cardinal (nephew to the late pope) there is a very pleasing and good collection of pictures. This family have made their own fortunes so well, that there is little or no specie left in Rome. It is, however, true that the city was beautified with new paving the streets, and erecting many public edifices, in that reign. In this house (where Christina queen of Sweden lived and died) is all that luxury or grandeur can demand in furniture. The lady is very agreeable, though the ridiculous forms of the Italians prevent the princesses and other ladies from living together, to the great loss of the former, who, dismally sitting alone, render a visit to them the shorter the better. When ours was finished here, we with much more satisfaction concluded the evening at the marchesa Patrizzii's.

**Tuesday.**

All the English dined here to-day, and when they were gone we drove about the streets till it grew dark ; when the signora Cenci called on us to go and see the preparations for the lottery that is to be drawn to-morrow. The sight is neither great nor entertaining ; being only the writing, stamping, registering, &c., of the tickets in their different offices, in a large house hired for the purpose. I should scarcely have named this sight, but on account of the nature of the thing itself ; which is now practised in many parts of Italy, to the utter ruin of the poorer sort of people. These will often borrow, pawn, and even steal, to purchase a ticket ; which is to consist of five numbers ; and if all five come up, they have eighteen thousand crowns. The method is, to put a hundred bits of paper, numbered from one to one hundred, into a silver vase, and

draw out five only, which are the winning numbers. You will easily see how improbable it is that any body should choose all five right; and two of the five must come up to win any thing. The undertakers are so sure of their gains, that they engage to pay eighty thousand crowns yearly to the pope for the liberty of making nine in that time. It is said, by way of excuse for robbing the people in this open way, that when first the practice was begun at Genoa, the strongest prohibitions were made against any one's putting money into it; and some were even sent to the galleys for doing so: but, finding all to no purpose, the prince thought, since they would play, that it was as well he should win as another; and set up this lottery to keep the money at least in his own country. The present great-duke has done the same at Florence, upon the same pretence. Having seen the drawing at Florence, I have no curiosity to go to the same sight

here, and lose a morning from home. We finished this evening at the contessa Bolognetti's.

Wednesday.

At five this afternoon the marchesa Patrizzii called on us to go and see her villa, and we were accompanied by all the English. This is very prettily furnished, and has a most delightful prospect all round it. We walked from this to another, with a very pretty garden, just within the city walls, as the Patrizzii's is just without; and having seen that, went and drank coffee at her house in town: from whence at nine o'clock we all went to the marchesa Grimaldi's assembly. This lady was an heiress, and, after having been married two or three years, came to Rome to sue for a divorce, not liking her husband. She was recommended to cardinal Alexander Albani, by whose interest (after a long process) she was set at liberty,


and for whose friendship she has fixed at Rome, though Bologna is her country. Her house is furnished in the most elegant manner, with a great number of curiosities. She has an assembly every Wednesday; entertains very handsomely, and dresses very finely; and all this upon an income evidently much inferior to her expense. She is not a beauty, but is somewhat agreeable, very well bred, and does not want sense.

Thursday.

Having employed all the morning in my own room, I thought after dinner that it was time to find something to divert you at night, and for that purpose went to see the palace of prince Giustiniani. In my life I never saw a worse: the rooms (I mean those of state, where the family never live) were small, dark, dirty, and without any furniture, except old leather chairs, bad statues, and very indifferent pictures,



without frames. You will wonder, and indeed I did, why I was taken thither ; but at last I arrived at a gallery, once painted by Zuccherò, but now covered with mould, arising from damp, which emitted no very agreeable smell. Here, on both sides, stood as thick as possible three or four rows of statues and busts, but so confusedly, that it was hardly possible to distinguish them as one ought. The place much more resembled a sculptor's shop, than the collection of a nobleman. Notwithstanding a great many bad ones, it must be allowed that there are here some extremely fine ; as the Minerva that was found entire in the ruins of her temple, and was certainly the very deity adored there. Two small statues of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina his empress, are very good, as well as the Conquering Gladiator ; and two busts, one of Titus, and the other of Jupiter. But what, in my mind, exceeded all the rest, was a goat,



that really seemed alive, and is certainly a master-piece of its kind. I went from hence to make some visits, and then returned home; my daughters having got colds. The marchesa Patrizzii, with some other company, spent the evening with us.

Friday.

This morning, after breakfast, I went to the Vatican library, to see the collection of Greek and Roman medallions bought by the late pope and given to the public. They are in gold, silver, and copper; mostly in good preservation, and some very fine; but the series is very far from being complete. Having seen these, and being very near St. Peter's church, I went into it and found some workmen dressing it up in crimson and gold for the beatification of a new saint, which is to be performed next Sunday. This place, every time one sees it, discovers new beauties, and makes one always leave it unwillingly; but the hopes

of finding letters when I came home compensated the loss ; and accordingly I had the good fortune to receive one from your ladyship ; and I was much pleased to hear that marriage is not quite obliterated amongst my countrymen : that of Mr. Conyers I doubt ; his mother being still so ill, though I hope out of danger. I am just returned from spending the evening at the baronessa Piccolomini's, where I went after having been with the marchesa Patrizzii to see the villa of the duke of Matteo. This is situate amidst the ruins of old Rome, and was once extremely pretty ; but by the poverty of the owner it appears now itself a ruin.

As we returned by the Colosseum, or amphitheatre of Titus, we got out of the coaches and walked through the vast round area, where the gladiators and the wild beasts were used to divert at one time fourscore thousand people. Here are still great remains of the building, but

not enough of the inside to give any idea in what manner the ancients occupied it. A great deal of the outwork has been pulled down, to build the Farnese and Barberini palaces; and there is now a little oratory in one of the arches, and devout pictures in other parts.


H. L. POMFRET.

Rome, April 21, N. S., 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Saturday.

THIS morning I finished seeing what they call the palaces, though there yet remain many that go by the name of villas, as well within as without the walls. When I say I have seen them all, I do not mean all that deserve seeing, but all that the antiquary shews in his ordinary course of attending strangers about Rome. We were conducted to-day to the little Farnese, where we saw the famous ceiling painted by Raphael, of the whole history of Cupid and Psyche, which, with the Rape of Galatea, in another room, and the Aurora of Guido (mentioned in a former letter) pleases me better than any painting I ever beheld in my life. This house belongs to the king of Naples, and is in as neglected



a condition, as the great one of the same name. We went afterwards to the church of a convent called St. Pietro di Montorio, where there is the celebrated picture of the Transfiguration by Raphael; and from the door of which is a very agreeable view over a great part of the city and adjacent country. This church is not without some very good ornaments; but there are such variety and such a profusion of the same kind all over Rome, that it would be endless, as well as tiresome to you, to enter into a particular description of every thing one looks on with pleasure.—I did not go out after dinner till nine; when I divided the night between the signora Falconieri's and the marchesa Patrizzi's assemblies.

Sunday.

As the weather is now grown warm, shall endeavour to let the evenings approach before I leave my own apartment.

and according to that rule I passed this day there. In the afternoon the contessa Bolognetti called on us to go to the Corso ; which being ended, we went and took up the marchesa Patrizzii, and carried her to lord Lincoln's; who had invited us all to the finest concert Rome could afford, and which was the best I ever heard. There were all kinds of ice, chocolate, &c. ; and the honours of the entertainment were perfectly well performed. As it was St. George's day, all the English wore red crosses; which, when together, made a considerable number and looked very pretty.


Monday.

As soon as dinner was over we set out to see St. Paul's church. To arrive at this it was necessary to pass a great part of the town, and cross the river Tiber, on the shore of which we drove for some time, and through planted fields, before we went

out of the gate of Rome which leads to this old cathedral. The body of it is very large and long, and I believe not originally designed for a church; but this is a conceit of my own, from the difference between that building and the upper part of the cross upon it; and because, round an old Mosaic at the upper end, there is, in letters of the same, an inscription, that Theodorus began and Honorius finished this hall. Forty Corinthian fluted pillars, most of them of one piece each, formed of a fine antique marble, white and veined, make the large middle aisle. Beyond these, on each side, are two other rows of lesser marble pillars, but not fluted; and there neither are; nor appear ever to have been, any side altars in the whole fabric, though the upper part is full of them, which confirms me in my opinion. In returning I went and looked on Cestius's tomb, now in the middle of the wall built (long after that was erected) by Belisa-



rius round the city. This monument is in the form of a pyramid, of white marble, without any ornaments that could tempt a robbery, and so has out-lasting all the more illustrious piles raised to the memory of greater men. Near this, and within the city, there is a very extensive hill, called Testaccio, composed of the broken earthen-ware, that the Romans, by a law, were obliged to throw there, that the Tiber might not be choked up with rubbish. All the cellars of Rome are under this, and doors from them surround it. The extreme coldness in these, even in the great heat of summer, is somewhat surprising. We tasted some of their sweet wine, as is customary. It is also usual to eat bread and ham; but this ceremony we omitted; and with the setting sun returned home, to drink tea with our countrymen.



Tuesday.

As soon as dinner was over, our guide took us to see some of the antiquities or remains of old Rome; of which it is incredible how little one finds that have any form to convey an idea of what they were, or a guess for what designed, though old walls, with quantities of bricks, arches, &c., are spread all over the now deserted part of Rome. In or near the Campo Vaccino there is an old portico of Corinthian pillars; and, joined to it, behind, a modern church; the inscription of which I could read very plainly: this shews it to have belonged to a temple dedicated to Antoninus and Faustina. There are, in several other parts of this place, one, three, and sometimes more pillars, that the guide told us belonged to temples to this and that deity of the ancients: but what grounds there are thus to attribute them, I have neither learning nor time to

know. The triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, and that of Constantine (the last raised from the ruins of Trajan's), are incontestable. Having looked at these, we went to St. Stephen's church, once an ancient temple. It is circular, and has consisted of three circles of pillars; but at present two only remain. A wall, built between those of the outer circle, has, represented on the inside, in very bad painting, all the martyrdoms, real and imaginary, that it will contain. As the day was very warm, I was glad to return home and sit still a little, before I took my course destined for this evening,—of an hour with the marchesa Patrizzii; another with the marchesa Crescenci; and the rest of the night with the contessa Bolognetti.

Wednesday.

This afternoon I went to see St. Andrea della Noviziata. This is of an oval shape, and the entrance is in the middle of one side. Bernini was the architect; and the beauty of the design is only to be equalled by the beauty of its ornaments, all parts corresponding. The variety of rich marbles that line it (well sorted with each other), the ceiling, and the floor, join in making it altogether the most complete, though perhaps the smallest, church I have yet seen. A sarcophagus of St. Stanislaus, under one of the four side altars, is very fine and curious, being composed of lapis lazuli, ornamented with gilt brass set with jewels, and silver cherubims. At the foot, and a little advanced, is a large stone, in the shape of a heart, set round with gilt brass flames, that, with a lamp burning continually behind it, looks as if on fire indeed. When

I returned home the marchesa Patrizzii came, and, with the English gentlemen, drank coffee here. At about nine I went to the marchesa Nari's assembly, and from thence to the contessa Bonarelli's.

Thursday.

I have hardly more to say to-night, than that I wish you a good one; having only taken the air to-day about a mile out of town, and seen one of the seven churches that the pilgrims who come to pay their devotions at Rome are obliged to visit. This is dedicated to St. Lorenzo; and has many fine marble and granite pillars, the ruins of some ancient temple; with a curious Mosaic pavement, and an antique sarcophagus, with a wedding-sacrifice, worked in basso-relievo, upon it, now turned into a Christian tomb. The evening I divided betwixt the contessa Soderini's assembly and the mar-

chesa Patrizzii, who, not being well, staid at home.

Friday.

The post from Florence having disappointed me in the letter I expected to receive from your ladyship, I will hope that this was only occasioned from your writing directly to Rome, and that the German post will be more successful to me on Tuesday. The marchesa Patrizzii has carried us to see three villas this afternoon, which lie very near each other, just out of the gate behind St. Peter's church. The first is remarkable for the extreme good order in which it is kept, and is a very pretty vineyard; with a pretty house, and fine prospect. The second is called Vascello, from its form, which, within and without, is like a man-of-war. It was built by a French nobleman, in the reign of Lewis the Fourteenth. There is a gallery, the oddest I ever saw,

representing the body of the ship, with outlets, as if to place cannons in. It stands in a garden : and the whole is now going to decay. The third belongs to the prince of Corsini ; and has a very agreeable garden, with some large walks, where the trees meet over head, to mitigate the sun at noon and the wind at night ; besides a beautiful orangery, with fountains of water playing : indeed, this last kind of ornament is found in all the Roman villas ; which are so numerous, that, were I to stay here the whole summer, I am told that I might find a new one to go to every evening. This being finished so agreeably, we went home and drank coffee ; and, after that was over, went to the princess Borghese's : where the battle which the queen of Hungary has lost to the king of Prussia ; the marriage of the prince of Modena to the heiress of Massa ; and the return of the French ships, quite ruined, to Toulon ; made the news

of the night: with which I conclude this  
dull letter from

Your ever obliged, humble servant,  
H. L. POMFRET.

Rome, April 28,  
N. S., 1741.



## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

London, March 26, O. S., 1741.

You were very good, my dear lady Pomfret, to think on me in all the hurry which your removal from Florence must necessarily have been attended with. I flatter myself this will find you all safe at Rome ; and I am sure you will be pleased amongst so many monuments of ancient taste and grandeur. If you should wish to have any thing drawn after statues or other antiquities, Mr. Dalton has a brother studying there, who, I am assured, is by far the best of any of the English artists, and would be very much honoured (though you should not care to buy any thing), if you would give him leave to shew you his work. He is always to be

heard of *al Caffi Francese, nella Piazza di Spagna*.

Assemblies are now so much in fashion, that most persons fancy themselves under a necessity of inviting all their acquaintance three or four times to their houses,—not in small parties, which would be supportable, but they are all to come at once: nor is it enough to engage married people; but the boys and girls sit down as gravely to whist-tables, as fellows of colleges used to do formerly. It is actually a ridiculous, though I think a mortifying sight, that play should become the business of the nation, from the age of fifteen to fourscore. I am to have one of these rackets next Wednesday; and you will easily believe that such a concourse of people will not find too much room in my house;—not but that it is a palace, when compared with some others, where they have been more frequently.

Another new mode has surprised the

ungenteel part of us this week, — the duchess of Queensbury having given a ball last night; and my lord Conway, in honour of Maunday-Thursday, gives another this evening. I am at present confined with a most violent cold: but it is almost impossible to be without one, for the weather is much sharper than it was even at Christmas. My head aches so much, that I can add no more than the assurance of my being,

Dear madam, ever yours,

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD\*.

Saturday.

WERE I not too well pleased in fancying that I talk to you every night, by this manner of writing, I could easily omit to-day, and yet conceal nothing of the sights that Rome affords to strangers. I have only been to make a visit to a lady who lies-in (whom I dined in company with two years ago at Leghorn), and afterwards to the marchesa Patrizzii's assembly.

Sunday.

This day we dined at twelve, in order to be with the contessa Bolognetti at two, who carried us into one of the side build-

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\* This letter answers the last.

ings of the Capitol; the whole of which was hung, on the outside of the walls, with crimson velvet, and damask trimmed with gold. From one of the windows we saw the cavalcade of the pope's going to take possession of St. John Lateran's church. The procession was (as all the processions are) composed of too many parts to be exactly remembered; but, altogether, it was very pretty. The white horses, almost covered with red velvet, embroidered with gold and silver, that are the yearly tribute for the kingdom of Naples, and of which there are twelve now living, that went one by one: the gentlemen of the pope's chamber, &c., that rode, dressed in red, trimmed with ermine: the nobility of Rome in black, with a great quantity of black silk lace on their habits: the bishops in purple, with green silk tassels in their black hats: the cardinals in scarlet, with their hats and mule-furniture of the same: the con-

servatori in yellow lined with red, and short gowns of the same: the great-constable Colonna, in a particular robe of black and yellow: the marchese Nari, who by hereditary right carries the standard of the church, with the dukes of Storzzi and Corsini, captains of the guard, on each side of him—all three in bright armour, engraved, and gilt in the ornamental parts, and very rich robes of crimson, embroidered thick with gold and silver where the armour did not cover: the light-horse, which I described before, with the addition of double plumes of red and white feathers all round their hats: the horse-guards in blue, lined with red, and trimmed with gold: the open chariot, the chair, the horse, the coach, and the litter, of the pope, all crimson and gold; besides another litter of the same that he was carried in (preceded by a great cross), dressed in his pontifical robes,

and blessing as he went the shouting, kneeling crowd : with the several companies of foot-soldiers, clothed the same as ours are in England, who closed the procession : made altogether a much finer appearance than I expected ; notwithstanding it has been the occasion of a vast concourse of people from all parts of Italy, and the stay of many other strangers. I take it to be no otherwise a religious ceremony, than that it is partly composed of priests ; which, as the government is composed of them too, is absolutely necessary in the sovereign's taking possession of his office : and this is certainly the intention of it. Could the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, that stands in the area of the Capitol, have been endowed with knowledge, how different would he have thought this high-priest (who would not venture in his open chariot because there was a little wind)

from his predecessor Julius Cæsar!—and how would he have blushed to have been in the same posture, with the ten old, tottering, red hats that attended the now *pontifex maximus*! All the way the cavalcade passed there was an enclosure of scaffolds, hung with tapestry, silk, &c.; and near the little Farnese Palace, at the expense of its owner (the king of Naples), a triumphal arch was raised, for his holiness to go with greater honour to his cathedral. Having there performed the necessary ceremony, he gave his blessing to the people from the balcony over the door, the ordnance firing as usual. At night the Capitol was illuminated from top to bottom, as well as many private houses; and there were bonfires about the streets: but no public entertainment was given. The good-natured marchesa Patrizzii, however, gave us a dance in a free way at her own house.



*Monday.*

I was prevented by company from going out early this afternoon, and had rather time to drive to, than to see, the church of St. Pietro in Vincola; where pope Julius the Second is buried, and where, in the middle of his tomb, there is a fine statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. The church is noble and well-proportioned, as far as the approaching night would allow me to discover. I returned home to new dress, and, whilst I was doing so, was told that a person from your ladyship desired to speak with me. I made what haste I could to go to him, and found that it was Mr. Dalton's brother, who studies drawing here. I cannot express to you how pleased I was to see any body belonging to you at such a distance. He told me he had some things to do for your ladyship and lord Brooke, and has promised to bring them to-morrow morning for me to see. I

spent the evening with our friend the marchesa Patrizzii.

Tuesday.

This morning Mr. Dalton came, as he had promised, and brought some statues drawn in red chalk, that he said were for lord Brooke, and some copies from the little Farnese that he told me were for your ladyship. There is a very visible improvement from the first of his drawings to those last finished, which indeed are as good as any I have seen of the modern artists. He himself has invented the drawing with black and white upon blue paper, which I am so pleased with, that I have ventured to decide that he should make out the gallery complete in that way; and have also desired him to add the Galatea, that is in another room, by the same master. If I have taken too much upon me, it is easy for Mr. Dalton, in his next letter to his brother, to contradict it;

otherwise the work will go on : and I am endeavouring to get him leave to copy some things out of the Capitol, an access to which is at present somewhat difficult. As I was going, after dinner, to take leave of the contessa Bolognetti, who was to set out in a few days for Florence, and from thence to Bologna, where the family have an estate, and from whence they originally came, I met a gentleman's servant, who was coming to me to excuse her not doing so before she set out, which she had done this morning as soon as it was day. I then drove to the pope's medalist, where I bought a small medal in silver struck on his taking possession ; and I afterwards went, for an hour, to the signora Cenci's, and for the rest of the evening to the marchesa Patrizzii's.

Wednesday.


I went this afternoon to see St. Gregory's church ; where there are two very fine

modern statues of the saint and his mother, and much fine painting by Guido, Dominichino, and others. The latter, however, being done on the walls of the several chapels, the damp has now hardly left them visible. I went, for half an hour, with the marchesa Patrizzi, to take leave of the marchesa Grimaldi, who goes into the country to-morrow.

Thursday.

About noon to-day I went, as appointed, to the signora Cenci, who carried me to see the working of the tapestry, which is done in a different manner from what I have ever seen, the tent being set edgewise. I stood on the right side, and saw the figures as they grew. The workman is on the other side, and the picture he works from behind him. The tapestry is of several prices; but the best is very dear, if one can call so fine a thing dear at any price; it being brought to that perfec-

tion, that, in a head of St. Matthew, copying from Guido, I could find no difference between the spirit of the painting and that of the silk. The colours here are as good as those in France ; but the designs are much better and more justly executed. The master has an apartment and nine crowns a month allowed him from the charity of St. Michael. This is so noble an institution that I cannot forbear giving you a particular account of it, esteeming it one of the greatest beauties of Rome, both in itself and as it is really calculated for the good of mankind. Innocent the Twelfth, who died very soon after we were born, built and endowed this hospital, on the bank of the Tiber, now called Ripa Grande, and where the ancient Romans kept their naval stores and had a temple to Neptune. As to the present fabric, it is noble and convenient, having two large square courts. The first of these is composed of lodgings, and the second and



largest (having a fine fountain continually playing in the middle of it) of the shops of the inhabitants. Two hundred poor old men, and as many poor women (unable to work) are here maintained with great comfort. A hundred and eighty boys are taken in at ten years old, and maintained till one or two and twenty: they are taught all sorts of trades, for which purpose the best masters from every country are obtained, and amongst these are the tapestry-workers before mentioned.

When the young men go out, they have the third of the profit of all their work during the years they have been here, to set them up in the world. Two hundred and fifty young women are also maintained, and, at a convenient age, have fortunes paid them, with which they are obliged either to marry or make themselves nuns. But these are lodged at St. John Lateran's (in the palace which pope Sixtus Quintus built for himself and his

successors) and have their dinner sent from hence every day. Three cardinals are guardians of this hospital ; and the order through every department is as extraordinary as the charity is great. In the afternoon I went to see two very fine churches, but, though different from any I have hitherto seen, yet, as they are composed of the same materials, I know not how to find variety of words to distinguish them to you.

All the evening I sat at home with Sophy\*, she not being well enough to go out. The marchesa Patrizzii, the signora Cenci and her daughter, the abate Niccolini, conte Soderini, and others, besides the English, spent the evening with us. Two of our countrymen, Mr. Naylor and Mr. Castleton, left Rome this morning early.

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\* The eldest daughter of lord Pomfret, married in 1744 to John earl Granville. She died in the following year.



Friday.

This morning I received from Florence your ladyship's letter. As to what relates to Mr. Dalton, you will find we have already met, and I need say no more on that subject. Your assemblies and balls are no unpleasing news to my young people, whatever they may be to me, who, as you find by this journal, live upon the stage almost every moment. I am desired to ask you whether the French dress prevails amongst the most fashionable young women. I was very near five miles distant from my lodging to-day, and above two of them through vineyards, walks of old trees, and very imperfect remains of great ruins, all of which were once the most inhabited part of Rome, Mount Palatine. Melancholy reflexion!—Through this deserted way I went, with my two daughters, to see St. Sebastian's church, where the saint lies in white marble so excellently



wrought, that, till I was assured the sculptor was Giorgetti, I really believed the artist had taken some antique Adonis, and had stuck darts into him to make him a Christian saint. Having now visited the seven churches of devotion, as well as many others, I believe I have done with that amusement, my time growing short, and many fine villas yet remaining unseen. We are just come from the marchesa Patrizii's.

H. L. POMFRET.

Rome, May 5, N. S., 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Saturday.

As I staid at home writing all this morning, and did not go out till late in the evening, to the marchesa Patrizzii's assembly, I have seen nothing to-day that can give you the least amusement in relating. But as I yesterday received a letter from signor Uguccioni, with the account of an adventure that lately happened, I will place it in my journal of this idle day.—A lady of the Bagnese family being married to a gentleman of Arezzo whose name was Fossombrone, they were blessed with a very beautiful daughter, whose wit and manner equaled the rest of her charms. These they thought a proper offering to God, the donor, and accordingly sent her, at ten years old, to the convent of St.

Catherine at Florence ; where having lived even years, the day was appointed for her taking the habit ; but, three days before, she was seized with a violent illness, which confined her to her bed. Physicians were sent for, but they could find no distemper : upon which they concluded it must be something on her mind ; and her friends pressing for a declaration of the truth, she confessed that she was in love with, and under mutual promises to marry, a young man, son to the conte Montanti (whose daughter I mentioned to you, in a former letter from Florence, as having seen her enter into a convent over against where we lived, and at which ceremony there was very fine music). Some of the relations would willingly have dispensed with the young people's engagement ; but others over-ruled the objection ; and they are speedily to be married.

Sunday.

I had designed to go this morning in search of some curiosities of antiquity, but Mr. Parker not being in the way, I sat down to read; and left my book very unwillingly for dinner: that over, the marquis Beauvilliers, son to the French ambassador, came to conduct us to a convent called the Sette Dolori. I cannot imagine why, but this appears to have the fewest nuns I ever saw in such a place. The house is large and pleasant; and each female has two rooms to herself, prettily furnished; and several of the rooms have chimneys. They receive all their friends' visits, both men and women, in parlours without grates. They go abroad with their near relations; and they make no vow, but that of obedience to their superior. They are all people of quality, and live in good esteem. The one that shewed us the house was about six-and-twenty,

a very pretty brown woman, with a great deal of wit and good-humour. She is of the Giustiniani family, who were once princes of the Isle of Scio, in the Archipelago, where she was born, and from whence she came in an English ship. She told us that she once understood a little of our language; but, not having heard any English for fourteen years, it was quite out of her memory. She had been at Constantinople, Venice, Messina, Naples, and in several assemblies at Rome, before she took the habit, which seems rather a convenience than a burthen to her. The nuns live well in all respects, without any trouble; and should they wish to marry, they are under no obligation not to do so, though the incident has never yet happened. I sat at home the rest of the evening with the marchesa Patrizzii, abate Niccolini, and our usual company.

Monday.

This morning my lord Lincoln, Mr. Pitt, abbé Grant, my lord Pomfret, my daughters, and myself, set out in two coaches to see Albano, a small city about fourteen miles from Rome, the descendant of the ancient Alba Longa built by Ascanius after the death of his father Æneas. All along the side of the Appian Way (the road to it) are remains of monuments, to which the antiquaries give what names they please; and others of the same profession write whole volumes to prove their brethren mistaken, and to advance some new opinion of their own, for a fresh set to take the pains to contradict. Amongst these contended structures, there is one which is attributed to the Horatii and Curiatii, only because it is between Rome and Alba, and has had five round pyramids, raised on a large square base, built all of white marble. One of the corner

pyramids is quite gone ; and vegetables grow out of all the others. It would be endless to name the whole, and the several opinions concerning them. The most perfect, and the only incontestable one (because the old inscription remains), is that of Cæcilia Metella, daughter of that great general Metellus Creticus. I was greatly pleased with the gardens to the villa Barberini, from whence we had a delightful prospect of the whole country in which Virgil lays his chief scene of action. We could at the same time behold the realms of Evander, Latinus, and Turnus, with the hostile sea that brought their Trojan guest and enemy. What mighty wars were made in little space ! On the other side of this villa (built in part of the ruins of of Domitian's) lies the lake now called Castellano, from the castle Gondolfo, a fortress and palace belonging to the pope, that stands on a hill on one side of it. This lake is six miles round ; and beyond it

rises a very high mountain, at the bottom of which stands a convent in a very beautiful situation. There are many villas in the town of Albano, and about it: so that in the autumn it is as full of company, for its size, as Rome itself.—In the evening we returned home, drest, and went to the marchesa Patrizzii's.

Tuesday.


After having spent the morning in reading and dress, as soon as dinner was over I began my formal visits of taking leave, and having made seven, returned home. The abate Niccolini came to take his leave of us. It is impossible to express enough the gratitude we owe this man, who, from an accidental meeting at the marchesa Bichi's, when we lived at Sienna, has since studied to do every thing to make this country agreeable to us; and, not contented with all his civilities in Tuscany and Rome, has further offered us a house that



lies on the road to Loretto, instead of an inn, and given us a letter of recommendation to one of the noble Venetians. He sets out to-morrow for Florence, where he is guardian to his nephews. When they are grown up he intends to make a journey to France and England, and then return and end his days at Rome. He attended us to the marchesa Patrizzi's, where we drank coffee. We afterwards went, for the last time, to the marchesa Crescenzi's assembly, and took leave of her.

Wednesday.

This morning, though it rained excessively, I went to see the Villa Medici, that stands on the top of the Monte di Trinità. It was built, or at least fitted up, by a cardinal di Medici. The back front, towards the garden, is set with fine basso-relievos, busts, and small statues; and the portico, at the bottom of it, has its arches filled with large ones. In



a fountain just before it stands a little brass Mercury, antique and light, as if he really flew. Below this are, on one side, a Mars by John di Bologna, and on the other an ancient Silenus with an infant Bacchus in his arms, both of brass, and both very much esteemed. Above stairs there is a gallery full of sculpture and antique marble pillars. Amongst the statues, what pleased me best were a small Venus rising from the sea, and an Apollo that was companion to the Venus of Medici now at Florence, whither the great-duke could not get leave to convey this. I do not mention many others that are really worth speaking of, lest I should be too prolix. The garden seems, from the windows, to be very agreeable: but the rain continuing, I was forced to return home without seeing it. This afternoon was spent in visiting and taking leave of the contessa Bonarelli's and marchesa Nari's assemblies, and also of the princess Borghese, who is a very

agreeable and well-bred woman. She offered me, in the most obliging manner, a letter to a friend of hers at Venice, which I was very glad to accept.

Thursday.

Lord Lincoln, and Mr. Spence\* his governor, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Holdsworth† his governor, with the abbé Grant, and Mr. Parker, dined at our lodgings to-day; after which the marchesa Patrizzii came, and carried us to see the Villa Lodovisia, which has, in the further part of the garden, a summer-house, with an Aurora in her chariot, finely painted by Guercino, on the ceiling. In the house, which is small, there are several very fine statues, and in particular two groups that I cannot omit mentioning. One is a young senator and his mother, the latter of whom is endea-

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\* The well-known author of *Polymetis*, &c.

† The author of the *Musapula*.

vouring to discover some secrets of state from him ; the other, Arria and Poetus, extremely affecting. He is supporting her in one arm as she dies, and stabbing himself with the other. From hence we went to the Villa Montalto, made by the nephew of Sixtus Quintus. The garden is much larger than the last, but not so pleasant. There are here also many statues of the best times ; one of these is an ancient gardener : and two sitting consular statues in the portico to the house are admirable. Fine fountains are so frequent in Rome, that I had almost forgotten to name a very singular one here, with a statue of Neptune at the top by Bernini.—As the night came on we were obliged to leave our delightful walks, for the necessary civility of taking leave, and first went to the contessa Petroni, who has been confined to her house for some days. From her I went to the contessa Soderini, and then to the agreeable marchesa Patrizzii, from whom I am

just returned ; and though it is near twelve am resolved to finish my letter to-night, since I am to go on a party to-morrow that will keep us out all day, and perhaps give more subject for description than will conveniently come into this letter, already of sufficient length to tire any person's patience but yours.

H. L. POMFRET.

Rome, May 11, N. S., 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET\*.

London, March 30, O. S.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAD last night the pleasure to find, by your most agreeable letter, that your ladyship and your family were arrived safe at Rome: and I could not let the post go without my thanks for your goodness in thinking of me through all your fatiguing journey.

I have met with an anecdote which I have reason to believe is more true than the historical novel I sent you last summer; and which accounts to me for the great-duchess of Russia's having cooled in her friendship to the queen of Hun-

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\* This letter answers lady Pomfret's first letter from Rome, vol. ii. p. 284.

gary, and espoused the interest of the king of Poland. When she was only seventeen years old (at which time I do not know whether she was in her father's court, or the czarina's), a young Saxon nobleman, on his travels, came to the place where she then resided. The beauty of his face, added to the gracefulness of his person and most agreeable address, made such an impression on the princess, that, before he had been there many months, it was discovered that they had a secret intelligence with each other, and that the princess's governess was in the confidence. She was immediately dismissed, and banished to some distance; and the young count desired to retire out of that dominion. Some years after, when the princess was married to the prince of Brunswick, she openly manifested her dislike of him. No sooner had she imprisoned the duke of Courland, but she recalled her old governess,

and distinguished her by a thousand marks of favour. This was no sign that her once-beloved count was entirely forgotten. Whether the king of Poland took advantage of this conjuncture, or whether accident only directed his choice, I cannot tell—but he named this nobleman his ambassador to the princess regent. As soon as the count Munich (who knew their story) heard of his approach, he despaired of being any longer able to direct the councils at Petersburg, and requested his dismissal, which was readily granted.

I have been obliged to put off my company on Wednesday by a violent cold and inflammation on my lungs, which has confined me to my chamber since Thursday last. In this state of solitude and idleness I wrote, the other morning, what follows;—and I am so accustomed to entrust you with my follies that I would not conceal this.



## TO THE EAST WIND.

MERCILESS Wind! withhold thy blast,  
 Nor thus my cheerful hopes destroy :  
 Thy breath lays all my pastures waste,  
 And nips each springing rural joy.  
 No tufted herbs nor grass appear,  
 Thy boist'rous rage is so severe.

My harmless lambs upon the green  
 Were wont to frisk in wanton play,  
 But shiv'ring now and dull are seen,  
 Bleating beside the racks for hay :  
 The blossoms from my pear-trees fall,  
 And naked leave the western wall.

That wall, which us'd to charm my sight  
 With varied blooms adorn'd and gay,  
 Can now afford me no delight,  
 Whilst you its glories sweep away :  
 If in my borders vi'lets blow,  
 You bury them in flakes of snow.

The feather'd choir amongst yon groves,  
 By genial Spring's return inspir'd,  
 Who us'd in songs to tell their loves,  
 Now, cold and silent, sit retir'd.  
 Now faintly e'en the turtles coo,  
 Since Winter comes again with you.

Those shady elms,—my fav'rite trees,  
 Which near my Percy's window grew,  
 (Studious his leisure hours to please),  
 I deck'd last year—for smell and shew  
 To each a fragrant woodbine bound ;  
 And edg'd with pinks the verdant mound.

Nor yet the areas left ungrac'd  
 Betwixt the borders and each tree,  
 But on them damask roses plac'd,  
 Which, rising in a just degree,  
 Their glowing lustre through the green  
 Might add fresh beauties to the scene:—

But, cruel ! they beneath thee fade,  
 And ev'ry tender shoot decays ;  
 E'en daffodils, of thee afraid,  
 Their golden heads unwilling raise :  
 Nor this thy malice can suffice,  
 That, shrunk by thee, each flow'ret dies :

My lab'ring lungs, too, feel thy pow'r,  
 By thee with trickling rheums oppress'd ;  
 While coughs prolong the midnight hour,  
 And rob me of my balmy rest :  
 Then quick to other climates fly,  
 And bluster in some distant sky.

and sent me word the next day that he knew of no way of conveying it by Holland, but would take care to forward it through France by Monday's post; which he has done.

I trouble you with all this long history, only to convince you that I was neither stupid nor ungrateful enough to omit writing, according both to my promise and inclination. Your letters are always the greatest pleasures of my life:—and you have given me so high an idea of Rome that I could almost wish to recall years and strength to employ them in seeing such vast treasures of antiquity. The modern Mosaic (in your description) charms and amazes me still more than any of the other curiosities you mention. Either Dr. Middleton (whose life of Tully I am just reading), or your ciceroni, is under a mistake about the time when the brass Wolf was struck with lightning, since the former says it was just before the disco-

very of Catiline's conspiracy. One would think you had reason to believe that you had laid a very sufficient obligation on me (for the liberty you so kindly gave me to trouble you), by bespeaking me a set of prints which are now engraving, after the rarities of the Capitol—and I feel it in that light; but lord Brooke and my daughter have begged me so earnestly to intercede with you to do them the same favour that I could not refuse them. There is also a friend of my lord's (to whom he has great obligations) who would be very happy if you would permit him to hope for the same indulgence. He is very curious in that way; and has been at great pains and expense to make a collection of valuable books and prints, &c. I am sincerely ashamed to be thus impertinent;—but, my dear lady Pomfret, you must suffer me to make a bargain, to retract every word that I have written, unless you will allow me, for myself and

these interlopers, to pay for what I have desired you to order.

I hope to date my next letter from Richkings; for the wind is changed, and has brought some warm showers, which will make the country very pleasant; and my lord and I have both terrible colds. I was obliged to be bled yesterday for a very bad sore throat, which I cannot say is yet relieved by that operation. However, I must leave both my cold and my farm to thank you for the piece of the ancient winding-sheet, and for the memorable account that the building of St. Peter's church was the immediate cause of the Reformation.

Princess Louisa is ill of an intermitting fever; as, indeed, most people are of something or other. Lord and lady Nassau Paulet are in terrible grief for the loss of their only son, who died last night of the small-pox. My lord Conway is very soon to be married to lady Bell Fitz-

roy ; and the town says that lady Caroline is resolved to make a double alliance, by marrying his younger brother.

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD\*.

Friday.

BEFORE I begin to give an account of my employment, I must, my dear lady Hartford, return you the thanks I so justly owe for the pleasure of two very agreeable letters, with a truly poetical address to the East Wind. The thought is new, and the language charming. I have found out that it goes to the tune of "*All in the Downs*," &c., and have made one of my young ones sing it: it will be our chief entertainment on the road to Loretto. I can never say enough for your great exactness in making me happy as often as possible: but what you have

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\* This letter answers the two last.

been solicitous to procure me, you have (by that very care) deprived me of,—for Mr. Ramsden still sends your letters to Mr. Mann at Florence, and that makes them full a week longer in coming than they would otherwise be: now, if you do not write directly to Venice by Holland, God knows when they will come, for I leave this place in a few days, and stay but few in any other before I quit Italy. —But I forgot that I am still in Rome; and, as I have several things to see, so you have some to hear, before I take my final leave.

This morning, about nine, we went, with lord Lincoln, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Holdsworth, and the abbé Grant, in two coaches, to Frescati; which has its original from the Tusculum of the ancients: on the tops of whose hills, as well as on those of Albano, were the houses of pleasure belonging to the consuls, senators, and emperors of Rome. When their



northern enemies destroyed the country, a few poor people, driven from the upper countries, made huts with twigs or *fraschi*: these huts became afterwards better houses, and in time the nobility of new Rome chose this situation for their villas: and, indeed, they could not choose a better. The variety of the ground, the wood, the prospect, and command of water, make this new Frascati (as they have improved it) a little Paradise. The prince Borghese has two houses here, with a vast garden, or rather park, between them. Signor Falconieri's is only divided from those before mentioned by an iron gate; from whence another gate leads to that of Pomfilia, called Belvedere, where, by the force of water, a Triton sounds a shell, and Polyphemus plays very prettily on reeds. We concluded with seeing another of these delightful habitations, belonging to the family of Conti,—not because there were no more



villas (for the country is strewed over with them), but because we had no more time.

In returning home we looked into a church of a convent, which it is said stands on the same ground where Cicero had his villa;—but, for ought I know, it may be as distant from it, as the time when the brass Wolf was really struck with lightning and that which my antiquary assigned for it; who, you guess rightly, is very ignorant, but, in other respects, useful and civil. Having dined in the city of Frascati, we returned home, too much tired to go out again; and the marchesa Patrizzii came and spent the evening with us.

Saturday.

This day we all dined at lord Lincoln's; after which I went to visit the duchess of Corsini, who has miscarried, and receives company in bed. After this I went to

thank and take leave of the signora Cenci; and from her to the signora Falconieri's assembly, just to take leave: and I then concluded, as usual, with the marchesa Patrizzii.

Sunday.

This afternoon I went to see a place called Papa Giulio. It is the shell of a house, built by the third pope of that name, and never finished. The architecture is the prettiest imaginable, with many antique pillars, well disposed in beautiful colonnades and open porticoes, not standing without base, cornice, or any meaning, as the pillars do in most of the collections here. In the evening lord Lincoln came to take leave of us, being to set out to-morrow for Reggio, where I am told there is a very fine opera. The marchesa Patrizzii, and our usual company, drank tea with us.

Monday.

I went this morning to some shops only ; and in the afternoon the marchesa Patrizzii came, and took us to walk in the gardens of the Villa Medici. These are very pretty ; and have, in one place, the statues of Niobe and her children, found some time ago in an adjacent field. They are highly esteemed ;—but the subject is too dreadful to please me. We afterwards went home to the marchesa's house, and finished the evening with her.

Tuesday.

Having found myself not very well for some days past, I was bled this morning, and found immediate benefit by it,—so that I drove all about the town from dinner till it grew dark, and then returned home ; where the marchesa Patrizzii spent the evening with us. The conte Petroni came to take leave of us ; and very oblig-

ingly told us, that his house, about four posts off, should be prepared to receive us, instead of an inn, which we very gladly accepted.

Wednesday.

This morning my daughters and myself went to St. Peter's church, where, by appointment, the architect waited to shew us all the inside of the building; that is, the rooms, galleries, and stair-cases taken out of the thickness of the walls, without being perceived. Of the rooms there are sixty, beautifully proportioned, some with cupolas, and all stuccoed; as are also the galleries that run round every part of the building. There are five stair-cases, that seem like round towers, by which one ascends to the top of the church without steps. The top is all paved with tiles; and the building from thence appears a city of itself, from the number of greater

and smaller cupolas that are on it. Having seen the contrivance and order of one part, by which we could judge of the rest, I went to the upper lantern, from whence the city and country appear beautiful beyond imagination. Not contented with this, I would go into the very ball; which having, with some pains, effected, I only found myself in a burning brass caldron, from whence I could see nothing;—yet my sense of feeling being sufficiently employed for all the rest, I descended, lest I should perish like the Sicilian delinquents.

After dinner we went about two miles out of town, and then entered a wood, through which we ascended a hill for very near another mile. About the middle of this mountain of trees (called Monte Mario) there is a villa, which was begun either by Leo the Tenth or Clement the Seventh, when cardinal; for the Medici

arms, with the red hat, are to be observed in a portico that is finely painted and furnished with statues, and also in another very fine room. Beyond the house the wood rises as high again; and in one part of it is formed a theatre, with seats for the audience. There is a cave, with a spring at the extremity; and trees growing and hanging over from rocks, answer for the side scenes. A cascade falls from the stage into the middle of a meadow, where the prince and princess (whose wedding it was written to celebrate) first heard the play of Pastor Fido.

From this enchanting place I hastened home, to take my last leave of the only person that I have known since I left England with whom I could wish to spend some part of every day, *viz.* the marchesa Patrizzii, whom you have found so often mentioned in these my journals. She is about my own age; is sensible and

good-natured; has wit, virtue, and honour. She has shewn us the greatest civilities; and, in short, is become the plague I had a presage of in my unwillingness to begin a new journey from Florence,—whose charms alone consisted in a good situation, and no disturbance: but Rome can, for itself, its liberty, and some few of its inhabitants, make me do what I thought I never could for any place but my native country—leave it with regret, and a wish to return again before I die.

Did not I think it a sin to friendship to conceal any thought I have from you, I might as well have omitted this part of my letter: but, 'such as I am, you know me all; and, whatever the composition is, be assured that it is constantly devoted to your service.

We set out to-morrow: and I leave this letter to be sent you by the same per-



son whom I have ordered to get the four sets of prints as soon as they are published.—Why all those compliments about them? Adieu!

H. L. POMFRET.

Rome, May 17,  
N.S., 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Thursday, 18.

ABOUT noon we set out in post-chaises, accompanied by Mr. Pitt and abbé Grant on horseback, and left Rome at the same gate by which we entered it. Then passing the Ponte Molle, from whence it is said the Cross appeared to Constantine, inscribed "*in hoc signo vinces*," we continued our road through an open country, with corn fields and wood, on the Flaminian Way, for four posts; when, climbing the rock from whence the Tiber descends, we arrived at a small city; where, in the house of count Petroni, we found a supper prepared for us. Having finished this, I am retired into my room to bid you a good night before I go to bed, at Civita Castellana.

Friday, 19.

This morning, at six, we took leave of Mr. Pitt and abbé Grant, who had come so far in compliment to us, and are returned to Rome to the friends we left behind.

The country we passed through was full of variety, and very agreeable, till we came to ascend the mountains and rocks of Narni, at the top of which we found that city, and on the other side of it a beautiful plain, which lasted till we came to Terni: and here advancing further into the Apennines, we travelled as we did from Marseilles to Toulon, only these hills are fruitful, covered with trees, and have now and then a small plain, and frequently houses, on the sides of them. In a little house on the very highest of these eminences we ate some eggs and fish, and drank very good wine. We soon afterwards came to the plain of Foligno, but not till the moon had passed two hours sup-

plied the place of her absent brother: at which time we arrived at the house of the abate Niccolini, who, being there, received us with great pleasure, and entertained us very nobly. We have talked away so much of the night, that I have not more than four hours to sleep; but were they still fewer, I should, nevertheless, make them pay you the tribute of as many minutes as will serve to assure you of my most affectionate remembrance from Foligno.

Saturday, 20.

And now the rising sun allows me more clearly to distinguish the surrounding country; which is even, well planted, and watered. The small estate of the abate is kept in great order; and (as far as the eye can reach) all his neighbours seem to do the same by theirs. But I was called from this prospect to drink chocolate, and take leave, which I did not do

without regret, having very justly a great esteem for my host.

We had not travelled far before we found ourselves in the very midst of the Apennines—the most wonderful and most enchanting country I ever saw, and far beyond what any person can imagine who has not seen it. The mountains are of prodigious height, and so intermixed that there seems no passage through ; yet we threaded them, sometimes climbing, sometimes descending, but oftener running on a road cut in the middle of them : some are barren, some covered with common wood, and others with corn and olives. In the bottom we had here and there a river, which had made itself a bed through meadows full of cattle : nor were there wanting villages nor corn fields in the most unexpected places, on the sides, and even on the tops, of mountains ; the summits of which having gained, and thinking nothing could be above them, we often

only found ourselves at the bottom of others still loftier. Here hermitages would appear as if stuck into the clefts of the rock, and old ruined fortresses that have scarcely left a name. Below, the fir and cypress, joined with other trees, made a gloomy retreat for the torrents that fell roaring from above; and the evening sun gave a lustre to the whole, which finished in a rich and delightful plain, where the rising grain, the gentle murmurs of the river, the green meadows, the elms twined round with vines, the solitary chapels, with here and there some broken piece of ancient sculpture; the rural villages, and their simple inhabitants; the singing of the birds, and the natural perfumes that arose from the sweet herbs and flowers,—both soothed and waked the soul, to find and to adore the Great Creator.

THUS at life's entrance:—smooth the flow'ry way,  
Clear runs the spring, young trees with blossoms  
gay.

The sky serene, and distant views inspire  
To seek for unknown good—a strange desire.  
How oft, allur'd by this, in lab'rins lost  
Of horrid rocks, that guard the wish'd-for coast ?  
Whilst here and there some trifling pleasures seize,  
And lull our thoughts with intervals of ease.

In these reflexions as my chariot run  
Just in the road that Phœbus taught his son,  
When I look'd down on roaring waves below,  
That carry ruin wheresoe'er they flow,  
Depths beyond depths with terror struck my sight,  
Yet not unmix'd with somewhat of delight,  
That, rais'd above them, I securely go,  
Though far beneath the lofty mountain's brow :  
Which now with olives, then with fertile grain,  
Entice the passenger to quit the plain.  
Oft in the barren rock's most sharp ascent,  
Where of no human footstep seems a print,  
Some solitary hermitage appears,  
Where sinners, turn'd to saints, in pray'rs and  
tears  
Would fain redeem the loss of younger years.

But on the very summit rais'd on high,  
 So rais'd as scarce the object of the eye,  
 Stands many an ancient castle's batter'd wall,—  
 The true example of their masters' fall ;  
 Who, flush'd with conquest, or tyrannic sway,  
 Aspir'd from high to make the world obey:  
 So, till the evening, varied was my scene ;  
 When, whirling down the steep, I reach'd the plain.  
 Here corn and wine united bless the soil,  
 And cool retreats repay the lab'rer's toil :  
 On verdant meadows graze the harmless kind ;  
 Whilst Nature's sweetest scents perfume the wind :  
 The fountains, bubbling, yield a pleasing sound ;  
 And all the feather'd choir their Maker's praise re-  
 sound.

A venerable grove, 'for ages known,  
 Of evergreens, and elms, and oaks unshorn,  
 And flow'ry shrubs, with diff'rent colours blown,  
 Enclose the sides :—and just within its shade,  
 Where the sun darts obliquely o'er the glade,  
 As if alone for contemplation made,  
 A neat convenient habitation stood ;  
 And near, a chapel, further in the wood.

Here to myself I sigh'd,—and silent pray'd  
 That God the omen had propitious made :  
 That such the evening of my life might be ;  
 From anxious cares and doubts for others free ;



With means to join in unpolluted praise,  
 And humbly to enjoy the remnant of my days,  
 Bless'd with a friend that's noble, equal, true :—  
 And such a friend I trust to find in you.

Having thus passed and left the Apennines, we are lodged for this night at the city of Macerata.

Sunday, 21.

We did not set out till ten this morning, having but two posts to go. The first remarkable place we came to was the city of Recanati; going out of which I first saw the Adriatic Sea, that bounded a very agreeable prospect,—for all this country is fine. From hence we went on, and finished our journey about two in the afternoon. It is incredible (to those who do not see them) what a number of pilgrims of all sorts crowd here continually. The street (for the city has but one) is so full of people that I could hardly walk ten yards to a head-s op,—that being all

the amusement I could have to-day, for the church was shut before our dinner was finished. I have time enough, and think enough of you, to say a great deal more ; but, as I made yesterday very long, I must cut to-day short, that I may bring my week into some compass ; for which reason I hasten to bid you adieu from Loretto.

Monday, 22.

As soon as breakfast was over, we went to the Santa Casa : the original of which, and the manner of its giving birth to the city it stands in, are so well known as to need no account here. Should you, however, wish to have any information of its apocryphal history, I will shew you (when we meet) the little book that is sold here respecting it ; which contains a catalogue of all the presents made to the idol of the place ;—too numerous for me to recollect the fifth part of them. This I cannot omit, that the richest gift came

from a queen of England\*. It is a golden angel holding a heart all covered over with diamonds, out of which comes a flame of the same metal, powdered with rubies. The mother of this lady's husband sent her heart also, encircled with diamonds, with the Virgin's cipher in the same on one side, and her own on the other: it opens, and one half contains the Virgin and Christ in enamel; the other half shews herself kneeling in her coronation robes.—Ill fated, ill judging princesses! how dear their superstition cost their husbands and themselves! Before this church is the statue, in bronze, of Sixtus Quintus, who declared Loretto a city.

Having dined, we renewed our journey, though it rained very hard; and not far out of the town met a vast company of

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\* Maria d'Estè, princess of Modena, second wife of king James the Second.

people (chiefly women), some on asses, some on foot, and some in chaises, preceded by a religious banner and a cross, with two men singing some hymn to the Virgin, in stanzas, at the close of each of which the whole body of them joined in chorus "*Vi--va Ma--ri--a*" three times. But, leaving them to pursue their ill-placed devotion,—for all seek one end, though most mistake the way,—we followed ours, and by night arrived at a port town, to which we were obliged to ascend a very high rock. Our reception, however, made us amends for the trouble,—a Swiss merchant that we were recommended to giving us a good supper, as well as a clean lodging ; so that, with the prospect of resting well, I wish the same to you from Ancona.

Tuesday.

This city was built originally by the Syracusans, who fled from the tyranny of

Dionysius ; and, falling under the government of the Romans, became afterwards one of the most considerable ports in Italy. The emperor Trajan restoring and beautifying it with great expense, occasioned the senate to raise a triumphal arch here to his memory, that remains as fresh as the day it was built (which is attributed to the clearness of the air), only despoiled of its bas-relievos and brass ornaments. To see this, and the new works of the late pope, Mr. Davel (such is our merchant's name) prevailed with my lord to rest all day here. His house is a very large palace, which he hires at a small rent. It looks on the sea ; and once lodged Christina queen of Sweden. —When breakfast was over, we went in a coach to the old port, which Clement the Twelfth had begun to enlarge, but, dying just as the sixth part was finished, the work is now stopped. That which he lived to make more complete (and what

I believe is the finest thing of the sort now subsisting) is the Lazaretto, or place where persons and goods that come from the Levant are to perform their quarantine. It is an island, in the form of a pentagon, built in the sea. The inner part is capable of lodging, with all convenience, five thousand people, and more goods than the whole Levant trade furnishes. In the centre is a little chapel of the same figure: and the whole is encompassed with terraces, parapets, &c.; which make it more resemble a fortress than an hospital. To this we passed from the port in a boat; and, as the weather was very fine, nothing could be more agreeable.

After we had returned the same way, we mounted a prodigious height in the coach to see the cathedral; from the door of which, the city, that lies on the side of a hill round the bay in an exact half-moon, the vessels in the harbour, the

sea, and the country that bounds it, made a most delightful prospect. The church is very old, and has nothing extraordinary in it; especially after having seen those at Rome. It is dedicated to St. Cyriack, their bishop, who found the Cross for St. Helena, and whose bones are much revered here.

We returned to a very good dinner, and spent the rest of the day in quiet: still at Ancona.

Wednesday, 24.

We took our leave of Mr. Davel early this morning; who, having given us chocolate for breakfast, ordered his coach to carry us out of the town, where we got into our chaises; and, running most part of the way with one wheel in the sea, we arrived about noon at Pesaro, having passed Sinigallia and Fano. Here we left the shore, but continued our way on very good roads, till we arrived at so bad

an inn that I have hardly spirits to bid you good night from Rimini.

Thursday, 25.

Having a great journey to make, we set out early. The country is all flat, enclosed with hedges kept with great exactness. The fields within them are full of corn, in which the poppies make a pretty mixture. They are planted all over, in even rows, with trees; some mulberries, some elms cut in cups, with the vines twining round them, and hanging in festoons from one to the other. Our road seemed the great terrace to this vast garden, now and then watered by a river, and often ornamented by a town, most of which have some small relic of the Roman empire. The villages are neat, and the way full of passengers: as, indeed, it is throughout the whole country we have travelled.

By the light of the moon we entered



Bologna : where we found signor Ugucioni ; who has been at Reggio, and intends going with us to Venice. I need not tell you that we were very glad to see a person from whom we have received so many civilities, and with whom we have lived so long in friendship.

An account of this city, and my entertainment here, I shall leave till another post, having exceeded the week, and completed my journal, as well as sufficiently tried your ladyship's patience ; to whose well-known protection I commit

Your faithful friend and servant,

H. L. POMFRET.

Bologna, May 25,  
N. S., 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Friday.

OUR first care this morning was to get into a better lodging, the inn being so nasty and noisy that we could not sleep last night, though heartily tired with our long journey. By signor Uguccioni's help we attained what we desired; and are now in a very pretty house, where we eat well.

About six in the evening, by the recommendation of the same gentleman, la signora Teresa Gozzadini came to visit us. She is a Florentine; married at Bologna; about thirty years old; very lively in conversation; well-bred, and agreeable: and has taken us under her protection while we stay in this place; which she has begun to make us acquainted with, by car-

rying us first to see a palace belonging to the marchese Ranuzzi, so noble and well furnished that it might well be admired, even after coming from Rome. The late king of Denmark lodged here when he was in Italy; which is recorded by a painting in the great hall. I observe in all these states, where the inhabitants have no princes of their own, that they are very fond of those of other countries, —which they are sure can never controul them.

After seeing this house, we went to St. Paul's church; which I believe is a very fine one, for we had just light enough to perceive that it was painted and gilded all over: and now, to conclude the evening, she introduced us to the Casino; which is a very good apartment, lighted up every night for the entertainment of the gentlemen and ladies of the town, and whoever they please to bring. Here are card-tables for those

that care to play, and waiters ready to bring chocolate, coffee, ice, &c. : and all this is at the expense of twelve men of the first quality ; one of whom takes care of it each month. All the ladies offered to come and see me ; but I excused myself and them from the trouble by the shortness of my stay.

Saturday.

That I might have something to tell you to-day, I endeavoured to inform myself last night a little of the history and government of Bologna. I find that it was one of the cities which gained their liberty at the destruction of the Roman empire ; but that divisions amongst the inhabitants reduced them at last to seek protection from the pope, rather than submit to his power ; for they still retain so much of their liberty as to make them very little less than a republic. The

pope, however, is the acknowledged sovereign : and sends a legate, on whom criminal causes depend ; and a vice-legate, who has the second place in the state. But the gonfaloniere has the third, and presides in all civil causes. This magistrate continues in power for two months ; and all the senators (fifty in number) succeed to it by turns. This office comes once in seven years to the same person again. The senators are hereditary in the male line ; and when one is extinct, the whole body choose three persons, whom they present to the pope, and he names which he pleases to fill the vacant place. In them alone lies all the power of taxing ; and even in criminal causes their consent must join with that of the legates. The present legate is cardinal Alberoni. One very particular privilege I cannot omit : which is, that there is no such thing as any forfeiture to the prince ;

so that treason itself is only punished in the offender, and his guilt does not extend to the injury of his family.

The city is about the size of Florence, and as well peopled. Its situation (being in the very heart of Italy) makes it a continual river of foreigners,—if I may use that term for their certain coming and short stay. The streets are well paved, and perfectly clean; as well as all their palaces, where fine pictures are in the greatest abundance, Bologna having produced many excellent artists in painting, as also some in sculpture. The open colonnades in almost every part of the town look very pretty; and are very convenient for those who walk, for they pass from street to street always under cover.

At six this evening the signora Gozzadini came, and brought with her the contessa Rossi, the conte, and some other gentlemen. They carried us to see the palace of the contessa Caprara, with

whom I was acquainted at Rome ; where she has been for near a year, but returns hither in a few weeks. In the mean time her best apartment is new furnishing, so that we could not go into it ; but had the pleasure of seeing a very good collection of pictures that was in another quarter ; to which belonged a gallery, furnished with green velvet, trimmed with gold. On the hangings, at equal distances, were trophies, composed of real arms, that her uncle, general Caprara, had taken from the Turks, in the service of the emperor. The saddles, bridles, and cimeters, stuck with precious stones set in gold, the horses' tails, darts, bows, and armour, made a great and martial appearance, and are truly an honour to the family. Under each of these stand glass cases full of money, plate, &c.; acquired in the same manner. Here lie the collars of all the orders which any of the family have worn, and such other presents as they

have received from princes. These ornaments, so different from any I have met with, have, contrary to my intention, drawn me in to describe the inside of another palace; which, from the frequent recurrence of such subjects, will, I fear, become quite tiresome to you.

They took us after this to another church of fine architecture, but less ornamented than the former. Our next amusement was seeing the palace of the present gonfaloniere (who, during his office, resides in the Palazzo Publico); where the legate always lives, in another apartment. And now the hour of the opera being come, we went to it. The theatre is the prettiest I have seen since I came abroad. The scenes were fine, and the poetry that of Metastasio. Here are some good voices: but the first woman, who I hear is engaged to go to London for next winter, will never please,—unless you are all vastly altered in the



three years I have been absent. The music is reckoned fine, but I own it is too pathetic for me, who am of the king's mind, "That diversions ought to make one merry, and not sad." There is dancing between the acts, which is pretty, but which has made it so very late that I have but just supped, and write this to you by day-light.

Sunday, 28th.

This afternoon I had a visit from lord Lincoln, who, I forgot to tell you, yesterday arrived here from Reggio, and came to us at the opera last night; as did sir Erasmus Phillips the same night we came. At the usual hour the signora Gozzadini came with marchesa Beccatelli, sister to the divorced marchesa Grimaldi, whom I mentioned to you from Rome. We went altogether, first to the great church of their protector, St. Petroni. This is an old plain Gothic structure without a cupola,

and, they say, as large as the Duomo at Florence. From hence we drove out of the gate of St. Mammola, where all the company of the city sit in their coaches; and from thence to another outlet, planted with trees, where the lower sort of people were walking, drest in their best clothes. The habit of the women, when they go out, is particular; it consists of a black stuff petticoat which they put over their other clothes, and a plain black silk scarf that covers from their waist to the top of their heads. Our evening concluded at the opera (called Ezio), which I find one is no judge of the first time, for the music pleased me very much to-night, but not enough to make me stay so late as I did yesterday.

Monday, 29th.

This morning at eleven the signora Gozzadini carried us to see the Zampieri palace, where there is a great number of

fine pictures. From thence we drove to the Montagnuola, a round green eminence within the gates of the city, from which we looked down on the rich garden of Lombardy. The avenue to this is from a very large square (where cattle are sold), through a grove of trees planted on green sward for a quarter of a mile in length. Here the company meet of a summer's evening ; sit on the benches that encompass it ; have concerts of music, and sometimes suppers. Having seen this, we went to the Palace Tanara, full also of pieces of painting and drawings by the best masters. It is said that there is not a citizen's, nor even a tradesman's, house in Bologna, that has not some celebrated painter's work in it : and indeed the collections which I have seen exceed all others, especially as they are well preserved, whilst most of those at Rome, and elsewhere, are either quite spoiled, or are spoiling as fast as possible. In the afternoon the contessa Orsi (whom

I had known at Florence), the contessa Malvasia, and some gentlemen, came with the signora Gozzadini, and carried us to see their cathedral of St. Peter, which has been new beautified by the present pope, who was their archbishop at the time of his election to the chair, and still continues so. After seeing this and some other churches, we drove out of the gates to take the air, and then went to the house of the famous doctress signora Laura Bassi, where all but the signora Gozzadini, and the English, left us. She is not yet thirty, and did not begin to study till she was sixteen, when, having a tedious illness, and being attended by a physician who was a man of great learning, he perceived her genius, and began to instruct her with that success that she is able now to dispute with any person whatever on the most sublime points. This she does with so much unaffected modesty, and such strength of reason, as must please all hearers, of which

number we were ; for the signora Gozzadini, who is herself very clever and prodigiously obliging, had got two doctors to meet us here. With the first, called Beccaria, she discoursed in Latin upon light (for which I was not much the better): but afterwards doctor Zanotti, with an infinite deal of wit, started a question in Italian, “ whether we were not in some danger of losing the benefit of the moon, since the English had affirmed that the sun attracted all planets to itself?” He desired her therefore not to compliment the English, but free him from the fears which their assertions justly caused him. I wish I was capable of translating the dialogue ; for I flatter myself that our tastes are so much alike that you would be no more tired of reading, than I was of hearing, it. With many thanks, and not without reluctance, I left this house, to conclude the evening at the Casino.

Tuesday, 30th.

This morning the signora Gozzadini, attentive to entertain us, carried us to see the *Instituto*, which is a very capacious fine house bought and endowed by the late general Marsigli, for the encouragement of the arts and sciences. There are here yearly prizes for those who excel in drawing, sculpture, fortification, &c. There is also a fine set of experimental instruments, and a collection of natural curiosities, a library, an observatory, and students of all kinds. Dr. Beccaria, whom I mentioned yesterday, shewed us the whole. He is a fellow of the royal society at London, and has made some curious discoveries in natural philosophy. Added to his being a very agreeable man in conversation, he is a perfectly good Christian. He made me a present of a little bottle of salts extracted from wheat. We passed

the whole morning very pleasingly in this place, and as soon as dinner was over I went to the signora Gozzadini's to thank her for all her favours. We returned together to my lodgings, where the marchesa Fozzoni, a lady of Bologna, married at Rimini, came, and carried us to take the air ; after which we went to the opera.

Wednesday, 31st.

This morning, betimes, the signora Gozzadini and Sophy, in one post-chaise, the marchesa Beccatelli and marchesa Guido Popoli in another, I and Charlotte in a third, lord Lincoln and my lord in a fourth, and signor Uguccioni and marchese Ratta in a fifth, set out to pay our devotions to the Virgin at the Monte di Guardia, or rather to see a fine colonnade of three miles in length, up a very steep hill that leads to it, from whence there is a delightful prospect of the distant city and

the country about it. We went afterwards to a villa belonging to the marchese Albergati, which, for the largeness and convenience of the house, extent and number of its avenues, with the richness and order of the country about it, bounded by distant hills, exceeded any thing I have seen of the kind. We returned home by a different road; and in the afternoon I went with the signora Gozzadini to wait upon princess Amalia of Modena, who is going to the baths at Lucca. She is about forty, has been handsome, and might in her youth have been married to the present king of Sardinia, as well as the late duke of Parma, but that her father would not hear of marrying her till her eldest sister was disposed of; so that both remain unmarried: and this has always preserved her character. She is extremely civil and easy, and greatly beloved by all the Bolognese ladies, whom I found her sitting



in the midst of, with all the gentlemen walking about. She saluted us, made our chairs be drawn near her, and talked a great deal to us. From hence we went to the Casino, where we again met the princess, who came and played at cards there.

Thursday, June 1.

To-day being that of the Corpus Domini, we went to see the procession, in which cardinal Alberoni and all the state assisted. This over, we went to the Palazzo Publico, where the gonfaloniere received us in person, dressed in his robes of ceremony, which are black turned back with gold, and a vast deal of black silk lace. He is a young man of about five-and-twenty, and very well bred. He shewed us all the apartments, and then made the excuse of his habit for not coming down to the door with us. After

dinner I went to return thanks at the doors of those ladies that had carried me about. Afterwards I took the air, and went to the opera, with the signora Gozzadini. Here I took leave of the princess of Modena, in her box, she intending to set out early to-morrow morning.

Friday, June 2.

This morning signora Gozzadini and Dr. Beccaria came to me. The latter brought me a book of the present and past state of Bologna, with a medal of the general Marsigli, which he would have me accept. We went afterwards, together, to see the schools and the hall of anatomy, which are very fine. Here we passed some hours in a discourse that gave me a great esteem for my company, and a desire to pass more time with them than fate seems to have allotted me. We went afterwards to see the porticoes, that were

drest up for the procession, which continues eight days in different parts of the town; and here all the company meet, sit, and talk (after the ceremony is over) till dinner-time. After dinner we all went to see a very pretty villa, just out of the gate of the town, where we were surprised with meeting a great many gentlemen and ladies, and finding some fiddles, which had been appointed on purpose for our entertainment; and here they danced, till the hour of shutting the gates obliged us to return into the city, and take the fresh air on the Montagnuola; from whence I went for half an hour to take leave of the company at the Casino, and then returned home; where I was no sooner undressed than the signora Gozzadini came and sat with us while we supped. When that was over, we took a very unwilling leave, being to part for ever to-morrow morning. But, early as I am to set out, I cannot go to

bed till I have finished this; with my assurance of eternal friendship to you, and respect to all your family.

Yours,

H. L. POMFRET.

From Bologna, June 2,  
N. S., 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

London, April 13, O. S., 1741.

THOUGH Thursday is my usual day for writing to your ladyship, I choose to do it this time by Monday's post, because I find I have (according to my usual laudable custom) put off all my business and ceremonies to the last moment, and have left myself only the two remaining days to complete them. Amongst others of less importance, I must write a letter to the princess Amelia, to excuse my not coming to court before I go away for the summer; since I am forced to keep myself huddled up in hoods and mobs pinned close to my face, by a return of the pain in it which tormented me all last summer. Princess Louisa is so ill as to be thought in very great danger. Her fever proves not to

be an intermitting one, as it was at first hoped and believed.

The last week brought me no letter from your ladyship ; but I hope this will make amends by bringing me two.

When I am set peacefully down at my farm I shall often read over your letters, survey the map of Florence, and trace your road from thence to Rome. I hope, if you go near Arpinum, you will visit Tully's villa there ; for, by the idea Dr. Middleton has given me of it, I should prefer it to his Tusculan retreat. This author is so partial to him that he endeavours not to draw a veil over his faults, but rather to erect them into virtues : and yet I think one discovers (in spite of his partiality) that Cicero was full of vain-glory, of a suspicious and unequal temper, quarrelsome with his friends and fearful of his enemies, and the most desponding of all men in adversity. His friend Atticus seems to me to have been a more amiable

man; and, though Dr. Middleton says that his having professed and followed the Epicurean philosophy had made him so fond of a learned retirement that he was less considerable than he might otherwise have been, he seems always active to serve his friends, not only by his interest, but even by large sums of money, and ready to leave his books and solitude to go wherever Tully desired him.

Inoculation is at present more in fashion than ever: half my acquaintance are shut up to nurse their children, grand-children, nephews, or nieces. I could be content, notwithstanding the fine weather, to stay in town upon the same account, if I were happy enough to see my son desire it: but that is not the case; and, at his age, it must either be a voluntary act, or left undone. His sister \* has miscarried, but is very well again, though I own it has

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\* The lady of sir Hugh Smithson, bart.

given me some concern, for it is an ill custom to begin with, especially as she had no fright or accident, nor has been in any violent crowd or heat.

The hurry and noise which is occasioned by the approaching elections, put all those who are concerned in them into such a bustle that they almost live upon the roads.

F. HARTFORD.



## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET\*.

Richkings, April 21, O. S., 1741.

THOUGH this is dated from my farm, I am at present very far from being in solitude; for, besides Betty and sir Hugh Smithson, we have with us lord Brooke, Mr. Leslie, a brother of my lord Barrington's, and Mr. Ramsden. All but the last are gone to-day to Windsor to see the instalment. I am almost ashamed to own that I am not of the party, since I never saw that ceremony. This would seem almost incredible, considering how many years I served the late queen, if Mrs. Herbert were not in the same case: but I am afraid even that will not excuse me, since she has not lived for nine years together within the

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\* This letter answers the one in p. 15.

sight of Windsor Castle, as I have done. My continual ill-health, however, must answer for my stupidity; since, till that had destroyed the cheerfulness of my spirits, and the natural curiosity of my temper, I should have been tempted to come from London on foot, rather than have let such a sight escape me; though I seem now necessitated to see nothing but what offers itself to me in the most easy and untumultuous manner: I cannot breathe in a crowd, and I grow giddy and am ready to faint even in the drawing-room, where the press is not usually very great. Guess then, dear madam, how happy your letters make me, which present to my imagination so many beautiful prospects, and magnificent ceremonies, free from the fatigue with which the seeing of them in reality must be attended. Nay, I am persuaded that (if even that inconvenience could be removed) they give me more pleasure in your description than I

should find in being a spectator of them myself.

You put me out of countenance by the praises you bestow on the trifles I send you ; and I ought rather to ask your pardon for troubling you with them, than expect encomiums for what are so far beneath your taste ; and what are in themselves only the fruits, or rather weeds, that spring from a mind uncultivated with more useful knowledge ; but if they ever afford you a moment's entertainment, they will perhaps appear less impertinent to myself.

Princess Louisa, though better than when I wrote last, is not yet out of danger : her fever, it is said, now remits, which is all that the physicians have yet been able to bring it to, though she has had several blisters (one of which was upon her head), and plasters to her feet. Princess Caroline is inconsolable, and never leaves her. I pity her from my heart, for I sincerely believe no popish saint ever felt, or feigned,

so much disrelish for all the pleasures of life, as she does. You know the natural indolence of her temper, which (by what I hear) is sunk into an habitual state of melancholy, and neglect of every thing but her care for her younger sisters.

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET\*.

Richkings, April 29, O. S., 1741.

IF any things so trifling as my letters can give you the least amusement, dear madam, they shall not fail to attend you once a week ; in hopes they may find you at a leisure hour, or in some inn when you are waiting for your supper : which my lord Hartford and lord Brooke tell me seldom (through all Italy) affords any greater dainties than a *mezzo piccioni per testa*, and a piece of veal. You were but just to me, dear lady Pomfret, in believing that the news of your coming home would give me a sincere joy. I hope you will have a pleasant journey, and be here before the last week in May;

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\* This answers the letter in p. 32.

for by that time my lord will be obliged, by business, to be at Marlborough: but if you are in London before I leave this place, I will go thither on purpose to express (in person) some part of the gratitude that I owe you, and which I truly feel.

My black paper and wax will, I am afraid, surprise you a little at first sight; but it is occasioned by the death of my lord Thomond, which happened in Ireland. He has left his estate to my lord Inchiquin's eldest son; and, in default of male issue of my lord Inchiquin, to Mr. Percy Windham: and a legacy of twenty thousand pounds to lord Clare. Princess Louisa is relapsed, and thought to be in very great danger.

My letters from London to-day bring me an account of an affair which makes a great deal of noise there. On Saturday night, at eleven o'clock, miss Young left Norfolk-House; and told her maid

that she was going to sit up with her mother, who, she heard, was very ill, and just come to town : but desired her, in the morning, to carry a letter to Mrs. Payne, which she had left upon her table. The letter was carried accordingly ; and the contents were to this purpose :—That she desired her to wait upon the prince and princess with her duty, and to assure them of her gratitude for all their goodness to her : at the same time to tell them, that she was excessively miserable in her present situation : that she had endeavoured to get the better of it ; but, finding it impossible, had resolved to retire into the country with lord Rochford, —the only man in the world who could make her happy. Why she named him I cannot comprehend, unless she had said she was to be married to him ; which I hear that nobody believes to be the case. In my opinion, she should have left it to the world to make what conjectures they

pleased, since she was not more particular. Miss Boscawen succeeds her as maid of honour.

As I am not sure whether our English newspapers reach you, I will give you the best account I can of the changes which have been made at the rising and conclusion of this parliament, in hopes they may be some entertainment to you and my lord Pomfret.


Horace Walpole\* is made teller of the exchequer, in the room of my lord Onslow; Mr. Winnington, cofferer, in the room of Mr. Walpole; and Mr. Clutterbuck, lord of the treasury, in Mr. Winnington's place. Ned Thomson is a lord of the admiralty, in the room of Mr. Clutterbuck; sir William Corbet, a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland, in the room of Mr. Thomson; and lord

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\* Brother to sir Robert, and created afterwards lord Walpole.



Dupplin, a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland, in the room of Mr. Riggs, who is a commissioner of excise in Scotland. Lord Glenorchy is a lord of the admiralty, in the room of sir Thomas Littleton, who has a pension: Mr. Pelham (who was secretary of the embassy in France) is a commissioner of trade, in the room of his father; Mr. Keene is likewise a commissioner of trade, but I do not hear in whose room: Mr. Legge is secretary to the treasury, in the room of Mr. Stephen Fox; Horace Townshend, secretary to sir Robert Walpole, in the room of Mr. Legge; and Mr. Ponsonby, brother to lord Duncannon, Irish secretary. Sir Robert Browne is paymaster to the board of works, in the room of Mr. Harris, who married lady Walpole's mother, and is made treasurer of the household. Lord Ancram has a company of the guards; and a brother of lord Townshend's, another. Mr. Conway is made a



captain-lieutenant in the guards. The chancellor, lord Walpole, and lord Harrington, are to be made earls; and Mr. Edgcombe, Mr. Howe, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Bromley, are to be barons.

This is all the news I can pick out at present;—a poor return for your delightful journal, which we can never enough admire. I was amazed (as well as you) when the signor Cenci, in his red frock and short white apron, offered you his hand at the side of the coach. Whether the *agnus-deis* have all the virtues ascribed to them or not, they will be sure of one merit with me,—as they will be a fresh instance of your goodness.

All our company are gone, except Mr. Ramsden, whose time of life (about forty), and a train of misfortunes in his youth, have taught to relish the peaceful amusements of a retired life better than the hurry of London. We have been rejoiced to-day with some gentle showers,

which were extremely wanted, for, though our park is in full verdure, there is hardly any grass in the hilly parts of the country, which keeps hay at an excessive price.

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD \*.


Saturday, 3d.

WE set out from Bologna at five in the morning, accompanied by signor Ugucioni, through much the same kind of country which I described in coming to it. After a post or two it became more open, with pasturage and willows; then enclosed, with corn and vines; and every where inhabited. Having passed the river, we arrived at the city of Ferrara. This was once the capital of a duchy; till the pope thought fit to deny the legitimacy of one of the sovereigns, and seize it as a fief of the church: under which government it has remained ever since

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\* This letter was written after the receipt of the three last.

the year 1598. It is almost depopulated, having neither a court nor trade; but the form is still noble. Our inn is over against the palace. This is a great old castle: it is built of brick, and stands in water; which I suppose to be a moat, the ancient defence of this sort of buildings. As I looked on those now deserted apartments, I reflected that Ariosto had often attended there in vain expectation of the recompense which his genius merited for having immortalised his thankless patron. Had he been a better courtier, though a worse poet, he might have lived happily, and his memory have died with him. We find the inn so bad that we are determined to set out to-morrow morning, contrary to what I once designed, of resting a day to see the town, by the assistance of some ladies of my acquaintance that live here. Signor Ugucioni is gone to make them my excuses and compliments. I only stay to write



this, before I shall try if I can find a better bed than I have done a supper at Ferrara.

Sunday, 4th.

At five this morning we set out again. We passed all the way through admirable roads, planted, for the most part, with trees. The villages are thick, and very pretty. When we arrived at the Po, it put me in mind of the Thames a little above London. Having passed this river, we went on through the same agreeable country, till we came to the canal Bianco, which we passed also, and afterwards the canal Nero; the last over a bridge, towards the end of our journey. We went along the side of the Brenta, where there are many villas of noble Venetians, that look like palaces. Much of our view, however, was hindered by a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, that obliged us to shut the chaise quite close,

The weather afterwards cleared up, and we entered the seat of this famous university by day-light. Within the walls there are meadows and corn fields ; and the first houses we observed were round a large green. This we quitted soon for very narrow, ill-paved streets ; and having passed many of them, we found our inn airy and clean, and have dined so well that I should not be sorry to stay a day or two in it, if I had any acquaintance here. Adieu, dear madam ! from Padua.

Monday, 5th.

After dining very well, we set out in a large boat, not unlike, but much handsomer, than that we came in along the Saone to Lyons. This brought us down the Brenta in about seven hours. On each side of this river the country is very fine, and contains many palaces belonging to noble Venetians (used as villas),

which have gardens down to the water. Amongst these beautiful buildings (for architecture is here in its perfection) the present doge Pisano has erected a structure worthy of the greatest king on earth. Having arrived at the land's end, we could no more be drawn by horses; but, by the help of two lesser boats, were towed over the salt water, strewn with bits of land, into the great entrance of Venice. It was as dark as it can be at this time of the year without bad weather, when we finished our little voyage; so that I could only distinguish that we were encompassed with houses in the midst of the sea. Being come to that destined for our residence, I found a very large handsome apartment, extremely well furnished. Whilst supper was getting ready, I received a packet from Mr. Smith. I read with great pleasure your three agreeable letters; and thank your ladyship very much for all your news, which was



perfectly such to me ; but principally for your obliging desire of my return in time enough to see you before you go to Marlborough, where I wish you all success : but, by the date of this, you will find that it will be impossible for me to enjoy that happiness till after you come back. In the mean time I must do justice to our eating here, which is so clean, so plentiful, and so good, that I should have been very glad if you could have made our number at the table a complete half-dozen.

Tuesday, 6th.

Having sent my two letters, that I brought from the princess Borghese and the abate Niccolini, as directed, the first to the procuratessa Foscari and the other to the procuratore Morosini, I began to look about and consider my situation. This is on the great canal, or, if you please, great street, for almost all in

this city are canals. It was built, as you know, by those who escaped from the ruins of Aquileia and other adjacent cities, who united (by their industry and the treasures they could save) these little islands of the Lagunes into the magnificent city of Venice; so called from the Veneti, a people that first inhabited them, though only in the quality of fishermen. The noble buildings, the vast number of gondolas and other boats in continual motion, with the present fine weather, make me unwilling to leave the window that affords so fine a prospect, and always fresh air.

The English here are lord Lincoln (who arrived the night before us, having set out in the morning before us from Bologna), lord Elcho, Mr. Dashwood, and Mr. Naylor; besides Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Shute, whom we left at Florence. In the afternoon I had a visit from them all, and from the procuratessa Foscari,

who invited us to her assembly to-night; where I accordingly went, and found her in her summer apartment. The assemblies here begin at ten, and end at one: at which hour I now bid you good night.

Wednesday, 7th.

This morning I had a visit from the procuratore Foscari; and soon afterwards came, as we appointed last night, signor Gio. Dolfino, his cousin (a noble Venetian, who has travelled all the world over), to carry us to some shops, in order to buy summer clothes. Having gone some time upon the water, we landed, and walked through several little, narrow streets, well paved, and lined with shops of all kinds on each side of the way. It is surprising to see such plenty and variety of all the products of art and nature, in the utmost perfection, sold in the middle of the sea. After we had bought what we wanted, we walked on to look at

he piazza of St. Mark ; which is the largest open space of ground the Venetians have, and is the finest I ever saw. It is formed of two oblongs joined, and is adorned with very fine buildings, and shops under colonnades : but, as it grew towards dinner time, I was obliged to hasten home. In the evening I went to take the air in my gondola, which is the most convenient and agreeable conveyance imaginable. It is a long narrow boat, with a covered seat in the middle, which is always black ; but strangers may have what colour they please, as well as glasses at the sides, and liveries for their gondoliers, who are two men that stand and row, one before and the other behind : this they do so dexterously, that, though the canals, both great and small, are filled with them perpetually, not the least accident ever happens in any weather or time of night ; and the motion is much easier than that of our wherries on the Thames.

At ten I went to the Foscari's assembly again, to take leave of her. She expressed a great deal of concern at our coming to Venice at a time when she was obliged to leave it; and when, by the absence of all the company at their villégiature, we could not be so well entertained as she desired we should.

Thursday, 8th.

This afternoon the senator Dolfin came again, to *serve*, instead of his absent cousin, now gone to Padua. The English being here by appointment, we went all together to see the arsenal, where the arms are kept, and the ships are built. This is an enclosure, with one entrance by land, and one by water: by the latter, when the vessels are finished, they are launched. There are here continually three thousand men kept at work; twenty-six galleys, two galley-ales, and seven men-of-war, in constant readiness. Of

the men-of-war, three are of eighty guns, two of seventy, and two of sixty. There are also three thousand cannons (half of brass, and the other half of iron); and all other stores in proportion. There are arms for twelve thousand men in one apartment only, which is under the great hall of arms, where, when any great prince comes, they always give him an entertainment. But what was really very curious to see, was the Bucentoro, in which the doge and senate go out every year on Ascension-Day to wed the sea. This is a galley of a hundred feet in length, divided into two galleries, with a seat at the upper end for the doge, and benches down the sides for the senate; with a covering over head, all made of wood, carved inside and outside in the richest ornaments, with bas-relievs, alto-relievs, and whole figures, all gilt. In the hollow of the vessel are seated the rowers; four men to each oar, and forty-two

oars on each side. This machine is only made use of upon this occasion, and lasts a hundred years. The present one is about six years old, and cost ten thousand pounds.

When we had sufficiently viewed the arsenal, we got again into our gondola, and went to a little island where the convent of Benedictine monks stands, dedicated to St. George. It was built by Palladio, and is extremely fine. From hence we went to a monastery, where the sister and niece of our conductor are nuns. The dress of the nuns here is more after the world than in any monastery I have seen, being only a close, plain, black gown and a white petticoat, and a white handkerchief about their necks; their arms bare, with short ruffles. They see more company than those in other parts of Italy, and consequently know better how to entertain them.

Friday, 9th.

This afternoon signor Dolfino came, and brought with him another gentleman. They conducted us to St. Peter's church, where a catafalco was erected for the obsequies of the deceased patriarch. The fabric was black, with its ornaments white, in a better taste than that for the emperor at Florence. We were afterwards carried to a window of the patriarch's house, where we saw the procession pass by (after the funeral oration was ended), at which the doge and his fellow-officers attended; and the figure of the dead in wax, dressed in his pontifical habit, was borne along on men's shoulders. The mourning of his relations was particular; each making the figure of a black pyramid—a little slit towards the top giving them room to breathe. One of these went on the left hand of the doge, who leaned with the other on his secretary, preceded by the



great-chancellor. The others proceeded with each an officer of state on his right hand.

From hence we went to another convent, where a nun was lately professed. The dress of the nuns here is all white, with a black silk snail-string about their necks. Each has a garden and an apartment to herself. They have frequent dancings, and sometimes act operas,—but admit no profane auditors. When I came home I found your agreeable letter of the 6th of May; for which I have hardly time to thank your ladyship, fearing to be too late for the post.

Faithfully yours,

H. L. POMFRET.

Venice, June 9,  
N. S., 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Richkings, May 6, O. S., 1741.

IN our rambling among the neighbouring fields I passed a farm-house, which struck me by its venerable appearance, having a large moat round it, and a rookery of high trees close to it, in the middle of some delightful meadows. As I am not fond of making acquaintance (even in that rank of life), I contented myself with surveying only the outside of it, and came home without further information: but my son and Mr. Ramsden went, two nights ago, to see if they could discover whether it ever had been other than a farm-house. The people told them it was formerly called Parlem-Park; and that there was a tradition that queen Elizabeth was nursed there. They can-

not tell, however, who it belonged to before it came into the family of my lord Uxbridge, who is the present landlord. They shewed them an old glass window, in which was painted a coat-of-arms with eight quarterings. The first of these is of the Stanley family, and round it is a yellow ribbon, with a Latin motto, the English of which, my son tells me, is,—“Edward Stanley, knight.—Lord, reward me not according to my works.” The people conducted them next into (what they make) their cellar. This is an arched place, down three or four steps, with several large iron rings fastened to the top of it. They also shewed them where a statue stood close by; but could not tell whether it had belonged to a convent or mansion-house.

My time is a good deal taken up by several alterations. My lord has made one this winter, which I think very pretty, by turning a gravel-pit into a kind of

dry basin, where he proposes to set his orange trees in summer. The banks that rise from it are planted thick with flowering shrubs and some evergreens. There are terrace walks on two sides of it: one, a short gravel one; the other, a pretty long grass one, fenced from the lane by a very fine hawthorn hedge, which has long been growing in that place, and is now in flower. Just across this little gravelly lane, which leads to the next village, is a thorny wood, the largest on this side the country. This also belongs to my lord Uxbridge: but I enjoy its music; for, as I walk in an evening, it affords me a complete concert, — for, besides black-birds, thrushes, and nightingales (of which there is an astonishing number), there are four wood-pigeons, which, building there, serve as a kind of natural thorough-bass. Within doors we amuse ourselves (at the hours we are together) in gilding picture frames, and other small

things :—this is so much in fashion with us at present, that I believe, if our patience and pockets would hold out, we should gild all the cornices, tables, chairs, and stools about the house.

I hear that princess Louisa continues on the mending hand, though she is hardly yet out of danger. I will trouble your ladyship no longer than while I repeat the assurance of my being to you and your family

A most obedient

and faithful humble servant

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Saturday, 10th.

THIS afternoon we had a visit from Mr. Walpole, who arrived yesterday from Reggio; and soon after the signoras Bianca Mocenigo and Elena Contarini, nieces of the procuratessa Foscari, came also to visit us; and conducted us first to the famous Magazine of Glass, where we saw houses, gardens, pots full of flowers, and a whole fortified town, in that material, prepared for dessert services. From thence they carried us to see the nuns of the Virgin; who are each dressed in white, with a black ribbon hanging as the blue one did on queen Anne: and this was the distinction of their being professed. Their style of conversation, and manner

of entertaining with ice, chocolate, &c., shew them rather shut from the world than detesting it.

Sunday, 11th.

This morning one of the gentlemen that accompanied our two new ladies yesterday, came to acquaint us that they were both set out this morning for Padua, upon hearing that their only brother was ill of the small-pox in that city. The same person, with the senator Dolfino, carried us to the doge's palace, where the great council sat this morning, in order to elect a senator, one of the forty, and some other officers. To this ceremony no ladies except strangers are admitted. It is performed in a very large oblong room, capable of holding at least a thousand people. The great council is composed of all that have the honour of being noble Venetians, whether strangers or natives;

and this honour descends to every male of the family who has taken care to register his name in what is called the Golden-Book ; and at . five-and-twenty (and not before) these become members of this council. All have a right to come ; but, unless there are three hundred, they cannot act. The manner of election is this:—In a place apart, at the upper end, sit the doge, the counsellors, &c., dressed in crimson robes. The doge is distinguished by a particular cap, bound with gold : the other nobles are in black, and sit on benches all down the room. A number of balls, equal to the number of electors, are put into a vessel. Amongst these are thirty-six golden balls, and those who draw them retire from the council ; and when retired, they are divided into four different chambers, nine in each, and each nine sends a name that they judge proper to be the new senator ;



so that the great council receives from them (who are deprived of voting) four candidates, for which they ballot one by one, and he who has most votes is the senator. In these elections the doge ballots with the others, and has only a single vote.

Our evening's amusement was in the Church of the Incurables, where poor orphans are taken in and bred up. They perform music in their church every holiday and every vigil. There are here some of the finest voices in the world. The performers are all women.

We afterwards took the air on the water, and then came home to receive the visits of our countrymen. Lord Elcho and Mr. Dashwood took leave of us, being to set out to-morrow morning.

Monday, 12th.

This morning we went to the famous church of St. Mark, which is, of its kind, certainly the greatest curiosity in the world, being the oldest Gothic structure now existing, with all the ornaments of the time it was first built and finished still remaining, without addition or alteration. I cannot say so much for its beauty as I can for its richness, being within and without covered with the old Mosaic, representing (on a gold ground) the histories of the Old and New Testament, which are awkwardly drawn, and worse coloured. The lower part of the walls and the floor are of all sorts of marble inlaid; but the whole is very dark and disagreeable.

From hence we went to see the painteress Rosalba, who is now old, but certainly the best (if not the only) artist in her way. This her excellence does not, however, make her the least impertinent,

her behaviour being as good as her work.

As it was not yet dinner-time, we went to see the house that belonged to the doge's family. It is reckoned the best in Venice; and has two square courts and many rooms: but all the best furniture is gone with its master to the public palace. Here we mounted a vast height to a turret; from whence the city, and its defence and ornament, the sea, with the adjacent isles, look very pretty.

After dinner we went to see some churches, which are built in a very fine taste here: but what alloyed the pleasure of to-day, was a touch of the gout that has confined my lord at home.

Tuesday, 13th.

My lord was well enough to get up and go abroad this morning: and after dinner we had a visit from an old noble Venetian, called Alexander Marcello. He



was presented to us by signor Dolfino at the great council. He talks English, and almost all modern languages; is a virtuoso in the arts and sciences; and brought a little harpsichord with him, upon which he played very finely.

This day being consecrated to St. Anthony, the doge and senators, in their robes, passed in procession, over a very long bridge made of boats, to one of their churches: which ceremony we came too late to see, as well as the function in the church; but going there gave me the opportunity of seeing two of the gondolas of the ambassadors that are used when they attend the doge, which are extremely fine and beautiful. The wood-work is composed of figures and devices, carved and gilt all over, with a canopy and cushions of green and gold silk; and another with crimson velvet. These were the only two I saw; for the French ambassador was sick, and the rest either had not made their entry,

or were out of town. Each ambassador has three of these, though they generally make use of black ones. We went from this sight (or rather followed it) to the Church of the Incurables, where the music was finer than the day before : and, if I lived at Venice, I think it would be my chief amusement to frequent this place often.

We found all the English at home on our return, and they staid the evening with us.

Wednesday, 14th.

When we had dined, we went in our gondola to Murano, another little city in the Lagunes. Here they make looking-glass; and here (what we call in England) Milan-stone is made, as well as the false lapis-lazuli, with the broken glass, filings of brass, &c., thrown into a furnace.

At our return home my lord received

a letter, to acquaint him with the death of poor Mrs. Conyers, which immediately made his gout return upon him, and he is gone to bed. This melancholy news is the more surprising, as last post we received an account that the doctors had more hopes than ever:—but, not to dwell on a subject that gives us concern, and must tire you, I will bid you good night.

Thursday, 15th.

This morning I found my lord something better: and as it was a day of masking, and the only one for the time we are to be in Venice, he ordered me to go with my daughters to the doge's palace, where he was to dine in public; which he does four times a year. On this day it is done to entertain the Quaranti, which were the original senate; but afterwards, joining one hundred and twenty other senators to these, with the counsellors and other officers, they made

up the senate two hundred and twenty. The quaranti, however, still retain the power of being judges in life and property. The other three days that the prince gives public banquets, are St. Stephen's, St. Mark's, and the Ascension: one of them to the chancellors and state officers; one to the elder senators; and one to the younger. The masking at Venice admits of no variety, unless anybody has a mind to draw all the mob about him; for every one is dressed in a cloak, a white mask, and a black hat: and in this dress, attended by signor Uguccioni, and far from gay, we went to the doge's palace. The front, to the great canal, is a piece of very old Gothic architecture, to me not unpleasing. There is a side-front, to the lesser canal, made modern, all of marble, and vastly rich; as is also the square court; from whence we ascended a flight of stairs to the prince's apartment, very large, very old,

and every where adorned with the paintings of the three great Venetian masters, Paul Veronese, Titian, and Tintoret. The room where they were to dine had a table at the upper end for the doge, ambassadors, &c., and side-tables for the others. All were set out with *Æsop's* Fables in coloured sugars—the houses, trees, and figures necessary to express them being a foot or two in height: but when the company that was to eat entered, these were taken away to make room for more nourishing food. The doge was dressed in a crimson-and-gold stuff robe, with an odd-shaped hat of the same. He is near fourscore, but looks very well for that age; and I believe has been handsome. In his younger years he was ambassador to England and to France; and made a very considerable figure in the state: but at present he is employed in attending councils, processions, and feasts, —which must be a vast fatigue to one of



his age ; and surely it must be very tiresome to any man of sense to be in a situation that a puppet, stuffed with straw, could fill as well as himself ! — But such is the infatuation of appearance, that the honour of arriving to the dogeship is the eager pursuit of almost every noble family in Venice. Amongst the guests we saw our friend Marcello, who loaded us with the dry sweetmeats that were allotted to his share ; but, all being seated, the masks were desired to withdraw,---which I did with more satisfaction than I entered.

In the evening, dressed as before, we went, with lord Lincoln, Mr. Naylor, and signor Uguccioni, to the place of St. Mark, to see the masks, for all the town were assembled there, walking up and down ; and chairs were set on each side for those that pleased to make use of them, which I soon grew tired enough to do ; and we all six took our places, and became spectators of the promenade. A

mask came and joined our company, which we soon discovered to be signor Francesco Suares, son to the lady who had favoured us with her protection at Florence, and who was come from that city with Mr. Walpole. We had not sat long before that gentleman passed by, out of mask; and being called by signor Francesco, who had something to say to him, we told him who we were, and he sat down with us. Mr. Naylor said that he had received a letter from Rome, with an extraordinary piece of news. Mr. Walpole added, "and I have received one from Florence with something more extraordinary, I dare say." "Mine," says Mr. Naylor, "is, that the great guglio, in the midst of the piazza of St. Peter's church, is thrown down by an earthquake:" "And mine," says Mr. Walpole, "will not be so soon told; and I fear I shall tire your patience in telling it." We

assured him that would not be the case, and so he began his story.

“ In one of the provinces of France, a lady of great quality, who was big with child, going to make a visit at some miles’ distance, as she passed through a wood, was taken in labour, and with difficulty got to a little miserable cottage before she was brought to bed of a son, who, whether by the fright of his mother, or any other cause, was so ill that his death was expected every moment. As there was no holy-water to be had in this place, they made use of some rose-water, which the lady happened to have with her, instead of it, and in this manner he was baptized : but, after some hours, both the mother and child grew better, and both lived to return safe home. When the son attained a proper age, he was sent into another part of France to study. This he did with such success that his father

believed he might, by his merit, and the friends and interest that his family had, make a considerable figure in the church; and having written to acquaint his son of his intention, at the same time ordered him to come home. This letter was very unwelcome to the youth, who had a very different engagement upon his hands, being in love with a young lady in that neighbourhood; and, resolving not to lose her, before he took his journey was privately married. When he came home he found his father so obstinately resolved on his taking orders, that, fearing to disobey, he received the first, which is of no great consequence: but soon, to punish his deceit, he had a letter of the death of his beloved wife; on which he completed his orders, and became a priest in good earnest. At the same time the young lady received a letter also, that her husband was dead; which she doubting the truth of, sent privately to inquire if the

son of such a gentleman was dead : and, from an intimate friend (who knew nothing of her secret) received for answer that he was ;—for at the same time one of his brothers actually died. After some time, the supposed widow married ; and, after a little more, became again a widow : in which state she lived, when chance, or the duties of his order, brought her first husband to that country once more. Upon hearing that one of his name was arrived, she had a curiosity to see and speak with him, and sent to desire that favour. He came, and did not know her ; but she fainted at the sight of him ; and, being recovered, after some discourse they mutually acknowledged each other,—and he immediately quitted his last vow to maintain his first ; and they lived together till the death of his father, having in that time several children. He then sent to claim his inheritance ; but his brothers disputed it with him, alleging

that he was not a Christian—having been baptized with rose-water only—and therefore could not inherit. This cause (after some time) was referred to Rome, where the hero of my romance went to solicit its being heard. What his success was, I do not know ; but, on returning home by the way of Florence, he was seized, by virtue of cardinal Tencin's order, and is now in the fortress there."

Were this a fiction, it would be liable to much criticism ; but, as it is a literal truth, I can only say it is wonderful.

Friday, 16th.

Our old Venetian came again to-day, and would take us to see the finest garden they have in Venice : but first we went to the convent where his daughter is professed. Most of the convents in Venice are easy enough, and are understood to be only a retreat for young women of condition who cannot marry equal to

their birth ; and the liberty allowed would be very reasonable, if it were not sometimes stretched too far---by winking at their going out in the masking time,---which has drawn on, now and then, worse consequences.---But, leaving these unfortunate affairs to people who take more pleasure in repeating them than I do, I shall only add to this day, that the best garden in Venice is about half as big as mine was at Florence ; has a charming view on the salt-water ; and is full of flowers and fine plants.

Saturday, 17th.

The first thing I heard this morning was, that the doge died suddenly, just after his son had set out for the country. Mr. Smith, the English banker (who dined with us), and our friend Marcello, in the afternoon, solicited us to stay and see the coronation of a new doge, which they all say is full of diversions and mag-

nificence: but our present situation makes us unfit for either.

Mr. Walpole, Mr. Whitehead, and Mr. Shute, came to take leave of us, for they remain at Venice. Lord Lincoln took leave, as setting out to-night for Padua; and signor Uguccioni is just embarking for Florence: we intend to do the same to-morrow morning for Padua, in order to pursue our journey to England with as few delays as possible. I have, therefore, no more to say from Venice, but to beg pardon for this tedious scrawl; and to assure you, that I am, in every change of time and place,

Unchangeably yours,

H. L. POMFRET.

June, N. S., 1741.



## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Sunday, 18th.

AFTER having sealed and sent my letter last night to Mr. Smith, to be conveyed to England, it was no small disappointment, and a very great concern to me, instead of the hoped-for letter from your ladyship, to receive the account of poor lord Aubrey Beauclerk's death. This (besides the sorrow every one must certainly feel for the loss of a person of merit to whom they have obligations) leaves my son without a protector, in an unwholesome climate, exposed to a thousand dangers besides the common ones of his profession, and perhaps to necessities, it being impossible to remit or know where to remit money to him in his present situation; but God knows whether he is alive to want it!

for I hear the ship he was in has suffered very much and lost many men. I own I am not patriot enough to rejoice at a victory that may have cost me so dear: though, could I hear that my child was safe, nobody would be better pleased with it than myself. Pardon me, dear madam, that I trouble you with my thoughts upon this occasion: it is natural to take that liberty with a friend; and, as you are as much a tender mother as you are a lover of your country, you will forgive my weakness on this head.

This morning, about ten o'clock, we entered our bargello in order to leave Venice; which, I must say, when one is out of it, is one of the finest places imaginable to look back upon from the midst of the salt-water. It is pleasing to see there a town rich with the best of architecture that has been in fashion from its first foundation (now a thousand years); for, being

obliged to make strong foundations, the houses last for ever ; and there are almost as many palaces still standing, and in use, of the Gothic, as there are of modern building. As our house stood on the great canal, we passed under the bridge of the Rialto to pursue our voyage. This is composed of one vast arch, over which are four-and-twenty houses with shops, a street between them, and one on each of the other sides of the houses. But I need not endeavour at a description of this bridge, which no doubt you have seen represented in some of the painted views, that many people have taken to England. As we went down the Brenta we stopped to see the late doge's palace, which is yet unfinished. The design is great, and the garden is large. Just as it was dark we landed, and were obliged to walk a mile and a half to our inn, through very ill-paved streets, and having nothing to

prevent us from tumbling down the cellar windows, but flashes of lightning, that never left us half a minute in the dark; and we were no sooner got up stairs, but it thundered and rained most violently. Here we found my lord Lincoln and Mr. Naylor, who supped with us. Farewel from Padua!

Monday, 19th.

This morning I received a message from the procuratessa Foscarini, by one of the noble Venetians whom we saw at her assembly when at Venicè; and soon after her niece Bianca Mocenigo, with three gentlemen, came, and offered to carry us to see the town, the meeting of the Academy of Sciences that was to be holden to-night, and the public ball afterwards, for which I had promised them to be at Padua. I had, however, now very good reasons to excuse my accepting their offer, though we have been obliged to stay here

all day, some things wanting to be adjusted in our travelling equipage.

Tuesday, 20th.

Betwixt eight and nine this morning we took our leave of lord Lincoln and Mr. Naylor, and began our journey post through an open and well-cultivated country which brought us to Vicenza, a small but very pretty city, that has many fine buildings in it. Whilst the horses were changing, we went to see the theatre built by Palladio of wood and stucco. This is the most delightful structure of the kind I ever saw. At present it is made no use of, but for public balls; and some rooms belonging to it are used as a Casino for the ladies and gentlemen of the place. One very large room, at the entrance, serves for academical exercises; and here we saw some young gentlemen fencing. One, that was a spectator as well as ourselves, with a great deal of good-

breeding, offered to send for his coach, if we cared to see any other part of the town; and upon our excusing ourselves, he and the others walked with us to the inn, and saw us into our chaises. I mention this particular only to do justice to the politeness of the Italians, which having proved for two years together in so many different places, I must always acknowledge. The burning heat of the sun (for it shone in full force to-day) entirely destroyed the pleasure of the delightful meadows, corn-fields, and vineyards, with the gentlemen's seats, which adorned each side of our way. But when the sun declined, and we entered Verona, passing the bridge that is built over the river Adige (which runs through the city), the view of that part of the town, where the fortress is raised above the rest on a green mount, appeared more noble and beautiful than I can find words to describe. Our inn is large; and, considering that

we are in Italy, we have supped well at Verona.

Wednesday, 21st.

My lord having sent his compliments to general Nugent, who is lately made governor of the Veronese for three years, he came and made us a visit, promising to return in the afternoon with coaches, and carry us to see the city, which is very large and well built, with many fine houses and handsome clean streets. He accordingly came, and first shewed us the amphitheatre, the most perfect now subsisting, but far inferior, both in size and architecture, to that of Titus at Rome. We went next to the modern theatre, where the inhabitants have their operas. This is very handsome, and holds a vast many people very conveniently. There are several rooms belonging to it for playing at cards and dancing; and a noble portico before it, from which they are

enclosing a square piece of ground with a smaller, but very beautiful, colonnade, in the back wall of which are begun to be placed all their antique bas-relievos, inscriptions, &c., of which there is a great number here. But what struck my fancy extremely was the fair-ground; which is a square enclosure, with walks and cross-walks of grass, and shops of all sorts on each hand. A public hall is erected at the upper end, in which are adjudged the differences that arise amongst the traders. This place is locked up every night at a certain hour, and each shop has a room over it for somebody to lie in and take care of the goods. Of four little squares in the angles, two have wells, the distance being great from the main part of the city, standing in the *Campus Martius*, one of the finest greens I ever saw, and where the brigadier told us he had seen twelve thousand men drawn out. The fair is held twice a-year, in May and in October, and for fifteen



days each time, when it fills the town with company from all parts; and the merchants who bring goods pay for that time but half duty.

Thursday, 22d.

Early this morning we left Verona, and by the banks of the Adige (which we crossed in the first post) arrived at the last fortress of the Venetians on that side of their territories, called the Chiusa, and very justly, for it is built up the side of a vast rock, that is parted from another only by the river. Here, for a mile, the road is so bad, that the horses are obliged to be taken off, and the chaises pulled along by men. Having walked up the hill, we got into them again, at the end of this rocky way, by which we entered the Alps; and, through the fine plain that lies at the bottom of them (watered by the Adige, which we often left and returned to again) on very safe roads, adorned with

vineyards, villages, woods, &c., we passed out of Italy into the Tyrol, and about ten at night arrived at Trent.

Friday, 23d.

As we were obliged to stay this morning to have our chaises put upon new carriages with four wheels, which is the way of travelling post in Germany, I took this time to go and see the church where the famous general council was held, and in which there is now a picture of it. But what was much more worth going for, I heard there the finest organ in the world. It has the sound, in the utmost perfection, of every musical instrument in being, which the master played to us, both single and in concert, with a harmony very different from what once reigned in that place. We could not get our chaises in order till seven in the evening; and the first post made us sensible, by the roughness of the way, that we had changed our carriages

for some more uneasy. From this place, called St. Michael (the last in which the Italian language is commonly spoken), we had admirable roads, in a beautiful vale, inhabited, manured, and planted, that runs with the Adige, in turnings and windings, at the bottoms of the mountains. Within the woods and hollows, robbers make their harbours, from whence they start out on single passengers: but we were too many to be attacked; so passed untouched, though not unseen by them. The night was far advanced at our second post; and very cold and disagreeable before we finished our journey (which was not till broad day, and three hours after midnight) at Bolsano.

Saturday, 24th.

At twelve this morning I waked, and to my great comfort heard that all my company were refreshed with their sleep; but as none of us cared for such another night,

we resolved to stay all to-day here, where both the inn and the town exhibit a very different aspect from what we have been used to of late. The arts and sciences are no more ; and cleanliness and good fare have taken their place. Trade seems alive, and women fill the market and the shops. And here, as I finish my week, I shall my letter, which I leave with the master of the house, who has promised me a safe passage for it. If it comes, receive it kindly, however trifling in itself, for it must convince you that I am always thinking of you.

H. L. POMFRET.

Bolsano, June, 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Sunday, 25th.

It is surprising to see, in only one day's journey of forty miles, where neither the sea nor any human law forbids a continual intercourse, so vast a change in country, buildings, people, dress, and customs. At Trent they have lost all the magnificent, and not attained the comfortable; but at Bolsano the houses are low and warm, the people clean and robust, the food good and plentiful. One sees that the Almighty has distributed his blessings differently; but left none of his creatures without a share, not only to live, but to live agreeably. Mountains rise just beyond the houses, on all sides of this small town, which is, however, the great market between Italy and Germany.

But to pursue my way.—We set out at eight this morning. Our journey was very agreeable, lying along the bottom of the mountains, and seldom out of sight of the river Adige, which waters this beautiful vale. At four in the afternoon we arrived at an extremely pretty town, with gentlemen's houses and gardens all about it, and some in it. Our inn was formerly one of these, and has a prospect every way of meadows, corn, and wood, that not only cover the plains, but rise up the sides of the mountains that encompass it. These, sloping upwards from the town, make it appear as in the area of an amphitheatre. In a scene so delightful I write to you at present; but, being destined to seek another early to-morrow morning, I must now take leave of you from Brixen.

Monday, 26th.

A good supper and a good night's sleep enabled us to set out cheerfully this morning for the mountain of Brenner. This is of a vast height, but the ascent and descent are so easy, the roads so good, and such care is taken to fence all dangerous places with low walls or rails, that I could with great pleasure and sedateness contemplate the variety which this fine country affords, enclosed in mountains of a prodigious size; some still covered with snow, but most of them with woods of fir, on the finest green sward I ever beheld: others were manured, and rich with corn and gardens. The water that rushed from the sides of the rocks, and mixed themselves amongst them, served to augment the Adige; whose waves, tumbling over great stones, or running smoothly over pebbles, completed the beauty of our prospect. After looking down on precipices, and up

at eminences beyond the clouds, we arrived at the summit of the hill, from whence, with the same agreeable views on all sides, the river Inn conducted us to the city it gave name to, famous in history on many accounts, and still the capital of this country. Having only seen this place by moon-light, I shall defer till tomorrow what I have to say of Inspruck.

Tuesday, 27th.

Inspruck lies in a very fine plain, encompassed with mountains. The suburbs are large and agreeable, being a mixture of green fields and good houses. The city, though old, is lightsome. We are just wishin the gate, and at the bottom of the great street; at the further end of which stands the town-house, the shed of whose portico is covered with gold, the work of a former sovereign, who, being called "*empty purse*," did this piece of extravagance to confute his calumniators.



You will be surprised, I believe, as well as I was, that in so many years the common people have not conveyed away gold thus exposed ; but so far are they from doing it, that, when the elector of Bavaria (in the late general war) was in possession of Inspruck, and attempted it, the boors came down from the mountains and joined those of the plain in such numbers that he was forced to desist from his design, and leave not only that but many other treasures, which are not without wonder seen preserved in a conquered and reconquered country. To give you a description of these I must carry you about two miles out of the town, by the same side on which I entered it, to the castle Amras, where the archduke Ferdinand, who lived in 1526, made a great and magnificent collection of various kinds of curiosities, which has been since much augmented by his successors. Here are several very large rooms full of arms and ar-

mour, bright as if now in use. In one are statues of armour stuffed, and sitting all round it, whilst the walls are covered with shields, lances, &c. In another are all the famous captains of that age, with their names and pictures. In another there are (on stuffed horses) figures drest for tilts and tournaments. In another, a Turkish bashaw and a janissary, in their proper habits, on horseback, vastly rich. But what is the most curious in this part of the collection, is, a lesser room, where the armour of Alexander duke of Parma, governor of the Low Countries, prodigiously rich, is placed. Next to this is the armour in which Francis I. was taken prisoner at Pavia, not so rich, but still fine. Here is also an ancient Roman knight, represented in a complete suit for horse and man at that time. Round the room are helmets and shields of the same time, as finely designed and executed in gold and steel as those which Vulcan made for Æneas. Besides these, there are bows,

quivers, and all the equipage of war before gunpowder blew up knighthood. Above stairs is a wide gallery hung with all the pictures of the princes related to the house of Austria; and in the middle of the same room a long range of presses, so placed, back to back, and joined at the sides, that they appear but one, though there are nine folding doors that open on each side, and discover as many different partitions. In the first are arms taken from the Turks. In the second there are all sorts of works in glass, as beads, chains (that appear gold), pictures with frames, and very pretty landscapes in basso-relievo, and a thousand other things which I have forgot. In the third are large grottoes and castles of pearl and mother-of-pearl; with trees, figures, and machines, of coral. In the fourth are all sorts of works in straw of every colour. In the fifth are baked earths, and alabaster in all shapes. In the sixth are several fine cabinets; and, amongst the rest, one that represents a

castle with four towers, one of which has been taken away. There appeared a round machine within, that was full of little drawers, and turned about. These drawers were filled with antique and modern cameos and intaglios, to the number of three thousand five hundred. The other cabinets are full of gold, silver, and copper medals, Greek, Roman, and modern; and besides these there are seven great volumes, covered with black velvet, and having silver clasps, whose leaves are wood, in which are cut round holes that contain a complete series in silver. In the seventh are ancient arms very curiously worked, odd, and rich. In the eighth are natural curiosities; as, birds, petrified fish, trees, shells, &c. In the ninth are carved woods of all kinds, and works in amber, adorned with gold and pearls. In the tenth there are various works in ivory; amongst the rest, a house and out-houses (made by an archduke named Sigismond), of ivory and

ebony inlaid. In the eleventh are clocks and astrolabes. In the twelfth there is a collection of old books of miniatures, with gold enameled ornaments, &c. In the thirteenth are all the instruments of ancient and modern music, extremely fine and curious. In the fourteenth are stones and minerals of all sorts. In the fifteenth, brass idols, sepulchral urns, and other antiquities. In the sixteenth are locks, and several other machines, with steel springs: amongst the rest, a chair that whenever it is sat in is crushed together. In the seventeenth are odd shaped cups, canns, &c., for drinking out of, in gold, silver, and other materials; some men on horseback; some foot-soldiers, and other odd figures. The last was filled with vases and other curiosities in gold and rock-crystal, of the finest workmanship and designs I ever saw. These even eclipse what were shewn to me in the tribune of the great duke. Each piece deserves a particular description; but, that my letter may not exceed all

bounds, I will only mention that which they call a standish for writing, but which was in reality a saltceller of Francis the First's, and is mentioned at large by Benvenuto Cellini, in the life which he has written of himself. The bottom is of gold, beautifully enameled, and on this sits a man and a woman, in extremely fine sculpture of plain gold. He represents the sea, and leans on a shell enameled, that opens to hold salt. She represents the land, and leans on a palace, that opens to hold pepper. In one part of this beautiful group is the salamander, enameled, with a crown over it; and in another the letter F, enameled and crowned also. I suppose it might have been taken with the king amongst the rest of his baggage. I stood for some hours (without knowing it) looking on these treasures; for when I left Italy, I did not imagine in the Alps to find any thing of this sort, or that the German princes were greater *virtuosi* than

the Italians ; but by experience I find that virtue and knowledge are the growth of every climate, as well as vice and ignorance, and travelling convinces one of this truth. But to return:—having no more to employ my mind, I found my body so weary that I could not go up a mount to see the prospect from what they told me was an unfinished tower ; which I afterwards repented of, when I heard from my lord that in that place was the remainder (but in a terrible condition) of the largest and finest collection of pictures he ever saw. The present great-duke of Tuscany, in returning from his duchy to Vienna, looked on these treasures with the same hurry and indifference that he did on his own ; so they are still left to the mercy of the elements, which have destroyed many and injured all, for the rain and wind have a free passage to them. At our return we went to the church of the Franciscans, where, besides the great tomb of Maximilian the First, emperor of Ger-

many, are eight-and-twenty statues (rather larger than life) of emperors, archdukes, and princesses, in fine brass, and in the ancient rich habits of the time in which they lived. This must have been long ago, for the same Frederick who covered the town-house door with gold is said to have set up these (I conclude) his ancestors, though I can get no authentic account even of their names, having neither met with antiquaries nor books that could inform me. A modern curiosity that I saw must not be omitted, which you will say is modern indeed, when I tell you that it is the little archduke in gold, that his mother the queen of Hungary vowed (if she had a son) to send to a miraculous image in one of these churches. I dare say the Virgin here will do as much for her bambino, as the Virgin of Loretto did for hers, that was sent on account of such another vow, by Anne of Austria. We all know what a figure Lewis the Fourteenth made in Europe,



and, next to the king of England's declaration, this is certainly the greatest hope of its future fortune.—Enough from Inspruck.

Wednesday, 18th.

At seven this morning we were in our post-chaises. Driving through the whole town, we found that the river Inn (now become large and rapid) cut it in two. We passed over the bridge that joins it again, and from thence went for some time along flat meadows. Leaving them, we drove on the sides of hills, that rose from the banks of the river, where the roads were neither good nor guarded. As we went further into the mountains, the ascents and descents were more frequent and sudden; but the highest of all was Mount Fern, from the top of which, looking down, there appeared a vast round of mountains, joined, and covered with fir-

trees. At the bottom lay a lake ; and in the midst of it a green mount, on which stood a small castle with four towers, used as a hunting-seat by the late emperor, but now deserted and mouldering away. What added to this view, was a piece of a white rock that appeared from the top of one of the fir mountains, and, as the sun reflected on it, looked like silver rising rough from the mine. From this lofty eminence we were two hours descending in a zigzag, which was so artfully cut through the fir, and the way so even, that it recalled to my mind your mount at Marlborough. As the night came on, it rained ; and we were advanced now so far in mid air, as to find winter in the end of June ; and coming to a village a post short of what we intended, we were glad to stop and have the stove lighted, and a feather bed to cover us instead of a quilt, which is the custom (and not without reason) all the year round in this cold country ; for this is

their hottest season, and they have but two months of it. In the month of August, as the inhabitants inform us, the snow begins to fall at Hilderwary.

Thursday, 29th.

We could not get out till nine this morning. At one we left the Alps, and, a few minutes after, the Tyrol; having first past a very strong fortress belonging to the queen of Hungary, where we were obliged to show our passport from her minister at Venice. Fuessin, which is the first town in Suabia, is situated on the river Lock, that, before we left the mountains, had given us many fine views by its serpentine winding amongst the rocks and firs. We saw this town some time before we came to it, the fortress being on an eminence; and the red covering to the white houses had a pretty effect. From hence we entered a large plain, and from that a wild of shrub-wood and common;

but afterwards the country seemed more cultivated. The roads were extremely narrow, rough, and dirty, not to say dangerous. Towards night we entered a kind of forest. The ground was covered with a beautiful turf, on which grew, in great plenty, a very particular and fine kind of fir, beginning from the bottom of the trunk to put out its branches, which ascended, smaller and smaller, till they finished in a lofty spire. By the time we left this charming scene, it was so late that we thought it better to stop in the middle of the post, than enter again into those dreadful roads by night; and to our great comfort and surprise found an extremely neat clean inn, and good accommodations, in the small village of Densling.

Friday, 30th.

At noon we again set out, and found the roads excessively bad and dangerous till we arrived at Hurlach; from whence, for

fifteen miles, we ran on a vast meadow or green covered with cattle as far as the eye could discern. This was bounded with a wood that I suppose to be fir from the height and colour of it. We arrived before night at Augsburg.

Saturday, July 1st.

We shall be obliged so stay in this place to-day and to-morrow, in order to get clean linen, which this long journey has left us very little of. I was in hopes, from a town so celebrated, to have found something worth telling or bringing you, but am much disappointed in both. As to the city itself, it is clean, and the streets are large. The common houses, like those in Holland, resemble great barns, turned endwise to the street; and here, as in the Tyrol, the outsides are painted, which is the only custom of the Venetians which the inhabitants follow. But, alas! they have no Paul Veronese. The glass and

ivory works, once so famous here, are no more, and even that of silver has lost much of its former perfection. The town does not appear to be greatly peopled; and the only things worth mentioning are the dresses of the females, which are very singular and various, according to the degrees and conditions of those who wear them. I have bought a set of them on cards, which I hope to shew you; when I shall talk with more pleasure, than I now stay at Augsburg.

Sunday, 2d.

This afternoon we went to see a collection of shells, butterflies, plants, minerals, &c. that was very well chosen, and kept in good order: the owners were extremely civil, and we spent two hours here agreeably enough. We afterwards drove about the city, which is said to be four miles and a half in compass. It has three or four fine fountains, adorned with brass

statues; and the town-house is large and handsome, as well as many others belonging to private people. A violent shower of rain brought us home sooner than we should otherwise have come; and whilst our chaises are loading for to-morrow, and our supper is getting ready, I take this opportunity to assure you of my remembrance from Augsburg.

Yours,

H. L. POMFRET.

July 2, N. S., 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Monday.

SOME disputes with the post kept us from setting out till nine this morning; but, as the weather was not extremely hot, and as the roads were good, and the country open, it was agreeable enough to see the haymakers at work (for this is the time of harvest); and when we left Padua the corn was reaping there—so great a difference is there already in our climate. The customs and manners of the people, I think I observed to you, had even a quicker change; but I cannot help wondering to see, at so great a distance from England, how much the country, the people, and their way of living, resembles the English, whilst we differ so absolutely from the French, who are almost joined



to us. Here the people of distinction, as with us, have country-houses at which they live, and not in towns; and indeed, unless the towns were better, it would be impossible to live in them. Having made two posts, we crossed the Danube, and arrived at the city of Donawert, taken with such gallantry by the duke of Marlborough in 1703. It is now under the elector of Bavaria; but should the king of Prussia, or even the poor great-duke, attempt to seize it, I believe one quarter of an hour would make him master of it; that is, master of a great many ugly low houses, built chiefly of wood. The roads from this town were so terrible that we did not finish the next post till midnight, which brought us to the city of Norden.

. Tuesday.

Though we raised the people out of their sleep at so unseasonable an hour, they contrived to get us a very good sup-



per ; after which we had clean and comfortable beds, but were too much fatigued to rise early this morning. Norden is one of the free towns, but its appearance is just the same as that of Donawert, though it is larger. We went to see the great church, which has many of its ancient ornaments remaining, notwithstanding the form of worship is changed ; for the inhabitants are all Lutherans. As we did not leave this place till ten, and the roads were not the best possible, we could not reach further than three posts, which, in Germany, are as long as fifty miles in England. The country of to-day was open, beautiful to look at, and rich, with prodigiously large meadows, and vast fields of corn, interspersed with great woods of fir : but as the soil is extremely deep, and the sun cannot dry where the thickness of the trees forbids its passage, and as this is not a country where many people go post, the roads are so neglected

that they are often dangerous, and always uneasy. Having passed Dinklespiel, another free city, we concluded our journey at Kreilshen, a town belonging to the margrave of Anspach.

Wednesday.

Having slept very indifferently last night, and lain worse, we set out at ten. We had still the same fine country, and the same bad roads. The latter having shook my lord's chaise almost to pieces, we were obliged to stay for four hours in a little dirty inn at Blausfelden, to have some new irons made for it. Whilst I waited here, I amused myself with reflecting how the queen, when in her brother's court, had perhaps often hunted, or diverted herself other ways, in the very landscape that I looked at. From this dream (that drew on a long train of real and fancied images), I was waked by some rustic music; and looking out of that side

of the house from whence the noise came, saw a strange figure in mask dancing before a young man and woman hand-in-hand, that were returning from the marriage ceremony, followed by all the village in couples. They made to a square piece of ground that the boughs of five or six trees united to cover, and here I left them dancing; when (our equipage being in order) we pursued our way; and about ten at night came to Mergensheim, the metropolis of the state, under the great master of the Teutonic order, now the elector of Cologne. To-day we began to see vines again.

#### Thursday.

This town is very little better than the others in this part of Germany, only it has a large open place, and some of the houses are painted on the outside. Our victuals were indifferent, and our beds disagreeable, at least to me; who hate sinking

into a hole of feathers. At nine we left it, and travelled till six through a very disagreeable country, the weather being violently hot, and the roads so bad that it was impossible to go faster than a slow walk; which, altogether, brought us, almost dead, to Mittenburg, a town on the river Maine, and under the elector of Mentz. We found here a clean inn, with a pretty garden; and having made a tolerable supper, to avoid such another night I have desired some straw on my bedstead, in the room of feathers.

Friday.

The trial of straw proved very bad, for I had but little, and that all on one side, so that, without sleeping one minute, I rose this morning at five; but my company not being quite so early as myself, we did not get out till seven, when we went, for a double post, through the finest flat country imaginable, the river Maine on our

right hand, and on our left hills and fine wood, whilst the bottom we passed along was a mixture of kitchen-garden and vineyard, with as good roads as either the Alps or the Apennines can boast of. Crossing the river by a bridge, we entered the city of Aschaffenburg, where the elector of Mentz has a very large palace, in the form of a castle, to which he sometimes comes. The city is large, but in the same style as the others. Having changed horses, we proceeded, through the same good roads, and a very fine country, for two other posts, which brought us to Hanau, larger and more lively than most of the German towns. This is the capital of the country of the same name, and is under the prince of Hesse-Cassel, who has, just out of the town, a very handsome large palace, and fine gardens, not unlike those at Hampton-Court. As I passed I saw a large wood behind it, that they told me was the park. The court

comes there always in May, but does not stay long. I was sorry not to have time to walk about it, and see the apartments belonging to a princess for whom I am so much interested; but our journey has already been so tedious that we would not venture to prolong it another day. Adieu!

H. L. POMFRET.

Frankfort, July 7,  
N.S. 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Richkings, May 14, O. S., 1741.

WE hear of nothing but elections. All the kingdom is in a hurry; and they say nothing was ever more riotous than the proceedings in opposition to my lord Sundon and sir Charles Wager; but they have carried their election\* by a considerable majority.

If I delighted in visiting, I might now have an opportunity of indulging that inclination, several of my acquaintance being just settling in this neighbourhood. The duchess of Manchester has taken a house, no bigger than a nut-shell, upon Englefield Green; where the man formerly lived who made the feather dogs,

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\* For the city of Westminster.



and the bed which the late king of Poland bought. She has added a wooden porch bigger than the house, and furnished all her rooms with paper. The duchess of Kent has bought my lord Weymouth's, at Old Windsor; and the duchess of Beaufort has taken the Hermitage on St. Leonard's Hill, where we lived before we came hither:—but, as much honour as this does to our environs, I feel more joy in the thought of having lord Brooke near me, who, I believe, has agreed for a house upon Englefield Green, which general Hill (and, since his death, general Kirk) bought and lived in. The latter has much improved it, having built very good offices, and furnished it in the neatest manner imaginable.

Princess Louisa is recovered, contrary to every body's expectation. Lady Bristol has been the first whose death has made a vacancy in our number. I hear that her end was sudden, and surprising

to those about her, notwithstanding the many years we heard her complain. She has left all that was in her power to her son Felton\*.

If our newspapers inform us right, the king of Prussia has again defeated the queen of Hungary's troops,—which is a piece of good fortune that we did not wish him. I have just heard that the duke and princesses have got leave to pass this summer at Kensington, on account of princess Louisa's health, who, though past all apprehension of present danger, continues very weak.

F. HARTFORD.

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\* Member of parliament for St. Edmund's Bury, and groom of the bed chamber to his royal highness the duke of Cumberland.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Richkings, May 20, O. S., 1741.

DEAR MADAM,

THIS week's mail made me amends for the disappointment of the last, by bringing me two letters from your ladyship, and consequently giving me the most agreeable entertainment imaginable, at a time when I could hardly have relished any other; for my poor lord was confined to his bed several days with a very sharp fit of the gout, which first attacked his neck and shoulders, and then fell into his knee, where his pain was excessive. It is, however, now so much abated that he is able to go into the next room, and sit up some hours. This has confined me so entirely to his bed-side, that I have not for some days had it in my power to

enjoy the sweetness either of the morning or the evening air, which has been made pleasant by the south-west winds and the gentle showers that have attended them. However, I see from the windows that the ground, which appeared parched and brown from the drought and north-east winds, is now clothed with the richest verdure, and enameled with all manner of flowers. Every hedge offers a nosegay, and every herb a perfume. The alteration of the weather has entirely changed the face of the country, since, had it not happened so seasonably, we appeared to be in the utmost danger of wanting almost every necessary of life. Beef sold in some places for twelve-pence a pound; and every thing else was in proportion. The princess's going to Kensington has been deferred till to-day, princess Louisa having found some return of her disorder last week. I find that her fever was attended with very

dangerous and uncommon symptoms; for she had not only an insupportable pain in her head and side, but a convulsed cramp, that by turns distorted all her limbs, and gave her pains that it is said are incredible to describe.

The post to-day has brought us the welcome news of the taking of Carthage, and destroying the Spanish fleet. I own the account of poor lord Aubrey Beauclerk's being killed clouded my joy, both as I know the affliction it gives his family, and for the uneasiness you would be under at Mr. Fermor's\* losing a person under whose care your ladyship and my lord Pomfret had placed him: but I hope you have before this time heard from him that he has escaped unhurt, and that the command of that ship is given to captain Boscawen, who has an extremely good

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\* The second son of lord Pomfret; afterwards a captain in the British fleet. He died in 1749.

character. The poor duchess of St. Albans is never likely to hear of her misfortune,—for she is, in all probability, very near her end, having been ill more than two months; and I find, by a message we have just received from lord Sidney, that the family have determined to conceal it from her.

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMPRET.

Richkings, May 27, O. S., 1741.

THE courier who had the care of your last letter, dear madam, had used it in so terrible a manner that it was almost impossible to know how to set about opening it ; for it had been in the water, and the cover was entirely off at one end. The letter itself was made into a kind of pasteboard, so that a knife was necessary to divide it. I, however, preserved the pieces so carefully that I do not believe I have missed a single word.

Your reception of Mr. Dalton is a new proof of your goodness to me ; for which accept my most sincere and affectionate acknowledgements. It has made his brother extremely happy, who (if he dared

presume to do it) would beg leave to assure your ladyship of his most respectful gratitude. The obliging trouble you have given yourself in endeavouring to procure leave for this young man to copy some pictures in the Vatican, will be the greatest advantage imaginable to him. I am likewise to thank you, dear madam, on my own account, for taking the pains to order him to proceed with my drawings in the manner in which he succeeds best; and I am too well convinced of the goodness of your taste, to wish to give any counter order to what you have so kindly directed for me. You have given me so agreeable an idea of the marchesa Patrizzi, that I could wish any thing were likely to bring her to England; for, though my way of life would put it out of my power to contribute much to her amusement, I could exert myself to prove to her that her having done what she



could towards making your ladyship's time pass more agreeably at Rome, was an obligation to me, though so far distant from you.

I enclose you a copy of a letter from admiral Vernon to his wife, because perhaps you may like to see the style of a man whose actions at present form so great a part in the conversations of all Europe. I own I am pleased to find him begin by attributing his success not to his own bravery or conduct, but to the Giver of all victory, and praising Him that the English colours are now flying on Castillio Grande. However a sense of religion may be out of fashion amongst some polite people, it certainly adds a great lustre to the character of any persons who are so happy as to act under its influence; and I think gives one a more cheerful hope of a blessing upon their arms, than any degree of human pru-

dence or courage could inspire. The lower part of the people have been transported beyond measure, by what they call an auspicious omen,—two young lions having been whelped in the Tower on the day that the news of the taking of Carthage arrived ;—and they have been called Vernon and Ogle : yet, to prove that the English mob can never be so thoroughly pleased as not to have a delight in doing mischief, they assembled in vast bodies, and demolished every window in London, where there were not lights, for four nights successively. This vengeance fell chiefly on empty houses, or on those whose owners were out of town ; for every body else complied with them, and illuminated their rails and houses in the greatest profusion. I do not hear by what accident the bishop of Oxford and Dr. Pearce happened to be either out of the way, or not to think of this testimony of their joy in time enough ;

but neither of them have a pane of glass, or a window frame, left in their houses. The high-constable of Westminster not only made a very great bonfire, but gave a hogshead of strong beer at his door. This the mob had no sooner consumed than they broke all his windows, and fell to demolishing his house, in such a manner, that, if a guard had not immediately been sent for, it would have been pulled down in two hours. They had several men in the middle of them with great flaskets of paving-stones ready for the slingers (who attended in great droves) to demolish whatever was out of their reach by throwing with their hands. In short, the disorders were so enormous, that the regents have thought it necessary to issue a proclamation for the discovery of the ring-leaders;—though as many of the ministry as were in town have taken every method to express their joy by the most public demonstrations of it, and the regents

ordered captain Laws, who brought the express, a thousand pounds, as a reward for the news.

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET. \*

Richkings, June 3, O. S., 1741.

I MUST begin this letter by asking your pardon, dear madam, for having (if I recollect) forgot to answer you, in my last, about the dress of the fashionable young ladies. This, on the whole, is neither quite French nor quite English; their hair being cut and curled after the mode of the former, and their bodies dressed in the way of the latter, though with French hoops. Few unmarried women appear abroad in robes, or sacques; and as few married ones would be thought genteel in any thing else. I own myself so awkward as to be yet unable to use myself to that dress, unless for visits of ceremony;

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\* This letter seems to answer the one in p. 142 of this volume.

since I do not feel at home, in my own house, without an apron ; nor can endure a hoop, that would overturn all the chairs and stools in my closet.

That I wish myself wherever you are, is no wonder, and I hope no news to you, but that which proceeds from my inclination to converse with you more than for the sake of all the fine things with which Italy abounds ; though I own (for the sight itself) I should have been delighted to have attended you to Frescati, and the theatre where *Il Pastor Fido* was first acted.

Your saying that the Giustiniani gallery had more the appearance of a sculptor's shop than the collection of a nobleman, reminded me of Wilton, which I think had very much that air in the late lord Pembroke's time ; but I am told that the present lord has reformed it a good deal. I hope you have long before this

got rid of your disorder, and the young ladies of their colds.

The *Setti Dolori* sounds to me just such a retirement as one would choose. I am pleased to find that there is no instance of any persons having left it even for love or marriage. I fancy, if all convents were under the same regulation, there would be much fewer unhappy people, and far less scandal, than there is at present given to the religion they profess.

I am neither surprised at, nor inclined to blame, your concern at parting with the marchesa Patrizzii, who, by your description, is certainly a very amiable and valuable woman. I am glad to find we may hope to see signor Uguccioni here, for whom you have also given me a great esteem. It is true, that two years seem half a century to my imagination, which has long been unaccustomed to lay schemes even for a month to come; but,

if I do live so long, I shall feel a sincere pleasure in conversing with a person who has had the judgement to distinguish your merit, and the happiness to be serviceable to you.

My lord Halifax's marriage with miss Dunk is fixed for the first of next month. She brings him (as his family say) a hundred and ten thousand pounds ; which will be a very seasonable assistance to him, who, with a very small estate, is by no means an economist. My lord Conway and my lady Bell Fitzroy were married last week : but I do not hear that lord Euston's marriage is either drawing to a conclusion or entirely off.

I am at present drinking Cheltenham waters, which intoxicate me to such a degree that I can hardly see what I am about, and confound all I read or write, —of which I am afraid this letter will afford an incontestable proof ; and, there-



## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Richkings, May 27, O. S., 1741.

THE courier who had the care of your last letter, dear madam, had used it in so terrible a manner that it was almost impossible to know how to set about opening it ; for it had been in the water, and the cover was entirely off at one end. The letter itself was made into a kind of pasteboard, so that a knife was necessary to divide it. I, however, preserved the pieces so carefully that I do not believe I have missed a single word.

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upon the river Maine, in a covered boat, which was neither aided by sails nor horses, but steered and rowed as ours are upon the Thames; which to me is more agreeable than either of the other ways. Here we sat surveying, out of the windows, the rich country of Germany, which (in this part at least) is an extremely fine and agreeable one. The towns and villages were very frequent; and, though not the most charming when nearly examined, at a small distance, the water between, and trees intermixed, add greatly to the prospect. About noon we arrived at Mentz, the capital of the electorate; and, besides a very fine convent of Carthusians on a hill near, the view of this shore is enriched with a villa belonging to the elector, that has, in the garden before it, three pavillions on each side, in the same manner as those at Marli; but the principal house here is much nobler than that. At this place the Maine falls into the Rhine,

upon which there is a bridge of boats. This opens to let boats of passage proceed in their way; but the getting of permission, and showing our passport, took up three hours, part of which time we spent in dining on some cold meat that we had brought with us, but we did not go on shore. Nothing could be more agreeable than the rest of our voyage, which, on this fine river, at half an hour after seven, brought us to a small village on the bank of it, called Rucdesheim, where we have clean beds, good wine, and something to eat.

Wednesday.

At six this morning we embarked again, and at half an hour after entered, for a third time, amongst mountains. Having been in some places on the top of these excrescences of the globe, in others on the sides, and in others at the feet, behold me

now swimming through the water that curls its rapid stream from one mountain to another. These rise on each side in craggy rocks of various shapes; which, however, the labour and industry of the people have covered with vines. Along the bottom are towns, castles, and houses, that look extremely pretty, but are some hindrance to our expedition; for, as the territories of the several princes are very much interwoven on the banks of this river, we are obliged to shew our passport so often, and the people take up so much time in considering of it, that a third of our time on the water is spent in this way. The little slips of meadows, and the trees that are placed in most of the villages, make very pretty pictures. Nor is this shore destitute of the noble as well as the agreeable; for often, on the top and up the sides of the rocks, are fortresses and large towns, whilst the bottoms of the same

eminences are adorned with other towns equally large, and mixed with greens. What contribute to the beauty of these buildings at a distance, are a certain red and white stone that is found in this country, and the slate which the mountains produce, and with which the houses are covered. At nine we came to the castle called Phaltz, and from which the electors of the Rhine were originally named Palsgraves. It stands in the very middle of the river, without any land; and, however celebrated of old, is now only filled with invalids: it is, however, kept in good repair. Here we entered the palatine's dominions, but soon quitted them again for those of the elector of Mentz; in which, at a place called Oberlandstein, there is a large old castle beautifully situated. Whilst the governor of it was examining our passport, we went and walked in his garden. Near this is a vast lime-tree,



the branches of which are so well managed, and supported by wood, that they encircle three rooms, one above another; and from the floor of the third the body of the tree shoots up a considerable height, and then sends out a very large double top. From hence the banks began to enlarge themselves into meadows, groves, and fields; and at Coblentz (where we arrived at four in the afternoon) the rocks on this side the river retired almost out of sight. On the opposite shore to this city stands a very lofty rock, at the bottom of which is a large palace, where, at this time, the elector of Treves resides. From this house runs (in the form of a Z) a wall with towers to the very summit of the cliff, where it joins a fortress encompassed with a town. Leaving this place, at which the Moselle pays its tribute to the Rhine, we advanced, winding through a plainer country, till about seven in the

evening, when our boatman thought fit to conduct us to the worst inn I have seen since I left Italy, in a little town under the elector of Cologne, called Andernach.

Thursday.

At five this morning we rose, in the hopes of concluding our voyage at night; but the wind was so violent and contrary that the boatman would not venture out; and we were obliged to stay in the inn till four in the afternoon, when the tempest was a little abated; but the wind and waves were still so high that we were deprived of a great deal of the pleasure which the mountains contributed to give to the scenes. In three hours we reached Lintz, a walled town on the other side of the river, but under the same prince. Here our inn is something mended; from whence I bid you good night.

Friday.

Betwixt seven and eight in the morning, the sky serene, and the water smooth, we quitted the land, and had a most delightful voyage. We passed by Bonn, a city that, with two others, gave occasion to the famous medal of the duke of Marlborough, afterwards suppressed. It is now the usual residence of the elector of Cologne, and makes a good appearance from the river; but as we did not land I can give you no particular account of it, any more than that it stands in a flat country, we having entirely left the hilly one a little before we arrived there. It was near three in the afternoon when we finished our water conveyance. We are now just risen from table at an admirable inn, the sign of the Holy Ghost, in Cologne.

Saturday.

Being obliged to stay here to-day, to put our chaises in order, I inquired what there were to be seen in the town; and was told a fine cathedral, a golden chamber, and the ramparts. In order to behold these wonders we hired a coach, and, going to the church, saw what was greatly imagined in the Gothic style, but never half finished, with five aisles of lofty pillars, that sprang out at top into cross arches; but all the rest was a heap of rubbish. As to the golden chamber (which is at the Ursuline's church), I think I may say I have been in the best set-out charnel-house in the world. One third of the height next the ceiling was stuck with bones, bits of skulls, teeth, &c. in divers figures and devices. Some of the larger served for letters, in which I read *SANCTA URSULA ORA PRO NOBIS*. In the lower part there were three rows, one above another, of small niches, in every

one of which stands a bust of wood, lacquered with gold and colours, having each face and neck formed of true silver. They each open at the top of the head, and discover a real scull within, adorned with a velvet cap, embroidered with pearl. These they named such and such saints of the court of St. Ursula, who, with her lover, an English king, held the first place. I saw their sculls, a bone of his hand, and the cowl of her veil, with, set in gold, the ivory cup which I suppose was common to them both. These two sights having answered so well, I should certainly have gone home without seeing the third, had I not been desirous to take the air, which I did most agreeably, there having been peace so long in this country that the plantations on the ramparts are become old wood, and the ramparts themselves are hardly distinguished for such, but appear a higher ground, from which one sees the country. Co-

logn is a free town, and the elector is only archbishop of it.

Sunday.

We left Cologne at seven this morning, and soon after entered, once more, the dominions of the elector palatine. Changing horses at Berge and at Juliers (the contended prize, for which a war is likely to rekindle whenever the present possessor dies), at four we arrived at the gates of Aix-la-Chapelle, where the post is kept. Here we waited four hours for very bad horses, that, with some difficulty, conveyed us about half the post; in which we left Germany for the Low Countries; when, the night overtaking us, we stopped at a village called Gulpen, under the government of the United Provinces. Here, having eaten something, I lay down in my clothes till the morning, all the beds being taken up before we came.

Monday.

At four we got into our chaises, and, with the same bad horses as the night before, pursued our way to the city of Maestricht, where we crossed the river Maes. This town formed a beautiful appearance as we approached it, from the great number of fine trees on its ramparts; and when in it, the houses, the streets, and people, appeared excessively different from most of those of Germany. From St. Trugen, two posts further, the road was paved, and planted on each side. We proceeded through this "garden of our north," till we arrived at the city of Louvain: and here I found myself so much fatigued, that, though it was no later than six o'clock, I chose to stop, eat my supper, and go to bed.

Tuesday.

Having but one post to make to-day, we did not set out till nine, the same fine road continuing, through the same beautiful country; and about one we finished our long journey at the city of Brussels. Here, to my infinite satisfaction, I found, amongst others, a letter from my son in the West Indies; which informs me that he was close to lord Aubrey when he was killed; and that lord Augustus Fitzroy has taken him on board his ship, and treats him with the greatest kindness imaginable. I had also the pleasure of four of your ladyship's agreeable letters; for which I return you my most grateful acknowledgements. And now, dear madam, that I am in a place where I can both hear from you and answer you in a week, it will be no longer necessary to lay in a provision beforehand, in order to enjoy the pleasure of your conversation: therefore, as my journey is finished, my diary



shall be so too,—happy if it has in the least contributed to your amusement, though I should be impudent to suppose it could, unless you had said so ; but since you have, it would be ungrateful in me to doubt it. This alone prevents my making any more excuses or compliments than those that always sincerely attend your ladyship and family from

H. L. POMFRET.

July 18th, N. S., 1741.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

I AM to go to Marlborough to-morrow, and must set out very early, for we go through in a day, and the distance is near sixty miles. Lord Brooke and Mr. Leslie, who have been with us some time, left us yesterday in the evening. The former will soon be with us again, for he begins his journey to his own house near Salisbury to-morrow also; but Mr. Leslie is not likely to return to us so shortly, for he goes to Scotland with my lord and lady Rothes in a few days.

My lord Dupplin was married a few days since to miss Ernley, who brings him an estate of upwards of 2000*l.* a-year, with the house where your ladyship lay, near Sandy Lane, when you went to Bath with princess Amelia. Some distant degree of

relationship gave him a pretence to visit her this winter in London, and he thought she allowed him some reason to believe he was not disagreeable to her ; but a consciousness that he was not able to propose any settlement answerable to her fortune, prevented him from offering himself to her, till a few days before he was obliged to set out for Ireland, in consequence of the employment which was given him there at the rising of the parliament ; when he found that his approaching journey gave her a visible concern. This inspired him with courage to profess his regard for her, and at the same time to lament his misfortune that his unhappy circumstances must cut him off from every hope of passing the remainder of his life with the only woman who could make it agreeable to him. Her manner of receiving his declaration (though it was not such as gave him any absolute assurance of her intentions) afforded him ground to believe that

she would marry him at his return; but he kept his hopes an absolute secret from every mortal except his brother. The evening before he was to set out for Chester (where he was to embark) he came to take his leave of her, and staid two or three hours; and the next morning began his journey as soon as it was light. Betwixt one and two at noon a friend of hers went to make her a visit, and to her great surprise found her drowned in tears, and in the greatest disorder imaginable. She begged to know the meaning of so unexpected a scene. Miss Ernley was at first unwilling to tell her, but, overcome by her earnest entreaties, acknowledged that a gentleman, on whom, as a ward, she had devolved, by the death of his father, had proposed himself to her several times, and she had as often refused him: and that he had been with her that morning, and had upbraided her in the most insolent terms with her partiality for lord

Dupplin, and for receiving his visits. She added, that, as she was now of age, if my lord Dupplin had been in London she would immediately have married him, and have put an end to so insupportable a persecution. Her friend told her, that he was not yet gone so far but that he might easily come back, and begged of her to send for him. This she absolutely rejected; and the friend finding all her arguments to no purpose, asked, whether, if any unforeseen accident should bring him back, she would then marry him: she said she would. Upon this her visitor took leave, and immediately contrived to acquaint my lord Oxford with what had passed. He dispatched an express with a letter to my lord Dupplin, who was just going to bed at the place where he meant to rest that night; but he very gladly changed his design, and set out immediately for London, where he came in the morning. My lord Oxford begged of

miss Ernley that she would marry him that evening; however, it was agreed to defer the marriage till the next day; in which interval a lawyer was employed to draw up articles; and the ceremony was performed, at the time appointed, in Oxford chapel.

Since I wrote the former part of my letter, I have had the pleasure to receive your ladyship's of the 2d of June, from Bologna. I cannot find words to express the meaning of my heart for all your goodness to me: but as your own has every generous and friendly sentiment, I must appeal to it, to interpret what I cannot explain. I was extremely pleased with the gallery in the Caprara palace, and cannot help thinking that its ornaments, extraordinary as they are, must give a very noble air to the apartment. I am also charmed with the Montagnuola, which must form a delightful landscape. It would have made me very happy, could

I have attended you to visit the signora Laura Bassi. Her attainments do honour to our sex.

Amelia seems an unlucky name for princesses. Indeed I find there are more than one of it, who have failed of such establishments as they might reasonably have hoped for at their first entrance into life.

We drove, the other morning, to look at a pond, or rather lake, which the duke of Marlborough is making near his park. It contains twenty-seven acres. There is a head of clay at one end which is raised twenty feet in perpendicular height; but I am much mistaken if it will hold better than that of the Serpentine River in Hyde Park, for his workmen (of whom there are an hundred constantly employed) appear very ignorant of what they are about.

Lord Brooke charged me to tell your ladyship, that, though he is very sincerely your humble servant, you must prepare

for a quarrel with him, as soon as he has the honour to see you. The occasion of this is, your having omitted to visit the cascade at Terni. In the mean time I am to beg that you and your family will accept of his best respects, those of mine always attending them; and my own, I am sure, can never be wanting to those whose merit would so justly claim them even if they were not allied to your ladyship, for whom I have the most inviolable esteem and friendship, and to whom I shall ever be a

Most affectionate and obedient  
humble servant,

F. HARTFORD.

June 18, O. S., 1741.



## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Antwerp, July 31, N. S., 1741.

I WAS extremely pleased with reading your history of lord Dupplin's marriage. I know him a little, and am glad of his good fortune; but cannot help thinking the friend more his than the lady's. By this time your ladyship, I hope, has recovered the fatigue of your journey, and that you enjoy the sweets of a more distant country, though not so much a retreat, as it is in your power to make Richkings. If my lord Brooke is returned to you, be so good as to make him my compliments, and say how sorry I am that we are to renew our acquaintance in war. I hope, however, that he will not be so rigid as our parliament, and reject a convention; which if permitted, I trust I shall be able

to shew so much reason for my proceeding, that he will approve my conduct in proportion to the applause I gave to his, in a more material affair,—that of taking possession, with a grandeur worthy his blood and fortune, of the noble palace of his ancestors, and not sculking, like a modern hero, in a cheesecake-house.

This fine country is now in its utmost beauty—I fear in a double sense, wars and rumours of wars being heard all around us. What a pity it is that this fertile land, covered thick with every kind of grain, the noble plantations that adorn not only the great paved roads, but every bye lane and winding way, should all be laid waste by the devouring dæmon of ambition; and these beautiful and useful canals, that now only move to conduct refreshment and commerce, should become horrid with blood, and choaked with human bodies! Dismal Imagination!—let us leave it.

I am come here only on a party of

pleasure, with all the company of the Hôtel de Flandres ; amongst whom is my lady Clifford, whose mother (Mrs. Blunt) lives here, and whom she is come to see, before she leaves these parts for England, where I believe we shall both arrive about the same time.

H. L. POMFRET.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Marlborough, July 2, O. S., 1741.

YOUR account of Ferrara, dear madam, is the melancholy picture of the instability of all human greatness. How much it is changed since it was adorned for the reception of Renée, princess of France! though even at that time a sovereignty much inferior to what she might have commanded had she married in her father's life-time, or if our friend, Francis the First, had not more regarded political views, than those of aggrandising her fortune. However, the many great and good qualities she possessed, will always secure her a rank amongst the most considerable princesses that we have any account of in history.

I do not wonder that you reflect on poor Ariosto's vain attendance in the palace over-against your inn. It is impossible to read his Orlando Furioso without surprise that a man who found no fruits from his labour could pursue it with so vast a stock of vivacity as appears in every part of this work, which, one should think, could only proceed from a head and heart entirely at ease, and is a fresh instance that happiness must be from within, or not be at all. Since, however, outward circumstances might seem to give cause of vexation to the author of that poem, it is impossible to read it and suspect him to be troubled with the spleen. This, if he had been inclined to, I am convinced he must have found occasion for, whilst he lived under the patronage of those who had so little taste for his genius. I should have been so glad to have dined with you at Venice, that, in spite of superstition, I

should have been content, instead of the sixth, to have made the thirteenth at your table.

Lord Brooke and Mr. Young (who was secretary to my lord Waldegrave at Paris) came hither last night, and will make some stay here. My lord Harry Powlet's eldest daughter is to be married this week to the eldest son of Mr. Colebroke, who was one of the South-Sea directors; and I hear he settles three thousand pounds a-year (in present) upon them. She will soon be a great lady, for the duke of Bolton\* is dying of a dropsy; so his duchess's sorrows and Polly's hopes are both near an

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\* The duke of Bolton lived till the year 1754. His first duchess was lady Anne, the daughter of John lord Vaughan, and earl of Carberry, in Ireland. They were separated some years before her death, in 1751; soon after which his grace was married to Mrs. Lavinia Fenton, a celebrated singer, and well known as the original Polly in Gay's piece, the Beggar's Opera.

end. I misinformed you when I said lord Morpeth was dead, though the report of his being so was general and uncontested for several days ; but I had a letter last post, out of Yorkshire, from Betty, who tells me that he is yet alive, though so ill that there are no hopes of his recovery. Lord Carlisle has only one son besides, and he has been subject to fits from his childhood, which makes the loss of this a very heavy affliction to him.

We have soldiers continually passing through this town, who are going to the camp near Colchester, where there are several regiments already. The reports of what they are designed for, are various, and I fancy equally groundless, since, whatever their employment is to be, I dare say very few people have, as yet, been intrusted with a knowledge of it.

Your old lady's maxim, of saying nothing when one has nothing to say, rebukes me at this moment ; for I never had less to talk

of, and yet, unluckily, I never found myself in a more talkative humour; but I think it will be proper to indulge it no longer than whilst I am assuring you of my being, dear madam,

Most faithfully and obediently,

Yours,

F. HARTFORD.

P. S. As the post goes out from hence by eight in the morning, I had finished this letter last night; but our packet from London having brought me your ladyship's last letter from Venice, and that from Bolsano, I am too grateful for so delightful an entertainment not to acknowledge it in this paper, though I have not time to say any thing upon several subjects which they have furnished to my contemplations, but which must be reserved to another post. That part which relates to Mr. Fernor, is too interesting to allow of my silence, as I most sincerely share



your anxiety on his account; but I truly hope and believe he is well, as we have not heard the contrary, and I have seen all the lists of the killed, wounded, sick, and dead, where many names of much less consequence than his are mentioned, and I am sure he is not amongst them. But I hope, before this, you have had an assurance of his safety from his own hands. I am sorry you did not receive the letter I wrote you, with the account of what I had heard of the taking of those forts; for though I could not speak certainly of Mr. Fermor's having escaped, you would have been satisfied by it, that there was no account of his having received any hurt.—I am now at a loss how to direct to you; but shall order my porter to carry this to my lady Lempster's, and, if he can get information there, to forward it; and if not, to keep it, and wait on you with it, as soon as you arrive. Till I hear that good news, I will not fail to write once a week as

usual, since it would be an insupportable penance to let your letters lie by me unanswered.

Adieu, dearest madam ! May every happiness attend you and your family on your voyage, and may you, at your landing, meet with the news of the health of all you love, and whatever else can make your situation the most agreeable to you in your native land !

Once more adieu !

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.


Marlborough, July 9, O. S., 1741.

DEAR MADAM,

It has long been acknowledged that there are no roses without thorns since those which bloomed in Eden. Your letters are delightful as those flowers ; but, alas ! my answers are barren as the thorns which are produced on the bushes since the earth was pronounced accursed. Every day brings me a new conviction, that loss of health does not more deface the outside, and ruin the strength of the body, than it impairs the intellects : and I am far from agreeing with Mr. Waller, that

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
 Lets in new light, thro' chinks that Time has made.

But, to leave a subject that must prove



either the parent or the child of Spleen, I will tell you that I was much entertained with the story of the married priest, which is certainly a very surprising one. I shall be anxious to hear that he is released from the fortress ; and would gladly put some of his family there in his room, especially if any of them are yet living who imposed so cruelly on him by the false report of his wife's death ; though I can hardly pardon his credulity upon that subject, nor his having so entirely forgot the lady as not to know her again when they met.

The magazine of glass must have been a very pretty sight, and will make the deserts that are adorned with it, have the appearance of some of those enchanted banquets which madame D'Annois's beneficent fairies so frequently provided in a wild forest or barren island. None of the convents you have seen lately, suit my taste so well as that of the Dolori, the

inhabitants of which seem contented with the liberty they enjoy, without wanting to transgress its bounds.

I can easily imagine how little joy you found in the masquerade at Venice, when you had not only your own concern for Mrs. Conyers to depress your spirits, but that of my lord Pomfret, and the pain he endured with the gout into the bargain. I believe that neither of our hearts feel the most sharp wounds from what affects only ourselves: and one may justly say of balls and masquerades, as Sappho does of the Muse and lute


They are th' enjoyments of a heart at ease.

I wish you had been enough so to have had a curiosity to see the coronation of a new doge, the ceremony of which is said to be very magnificent: and as I must not hope to see you before October, I could have been contented with a short delay,

if it had not protracted your return beyond that time.

If lord Brooke is not partial, in his account of the beauty and gracefulness of the queen of Hungary, it must have been a very agreeable thing, if, with a wish, one could have been carried to see her public entry into Presburg, which she made on horseback, in a Hungarian habit, embroidered (as her housings and bridle also were) with pearls, diamonds, &c. It was well that her aunt, who is governess of the Low Countries, was not obliged to attend her in the same dress, since she would have made but an odd appearance on this occasion ; as, I imagine, you may guess before this time, for I conclude you will make your route by Brussels.

How could you be so unkind, dear madam, as to think of making an apology for mentioning your fears in regard to Mr. Fermor ; since nothing could mortify me more than to believe you could think



me so self-interested as to wish only to share in your pleasures, and bear no part in what gives you pain and anxiety.

How melancholy must the conclusion of your journey from Venice to Padua have appeared, when you could only direct your steps by the flashes of lightning ! which would have appeared to me a very dreadful guide, having, within these three years, seen Marlborough set on fire in three places at once, by a tempest of that kind, and having two horses killed, about two years ago, within a hundred and fifty yards of the place where my daughter and myself were standing.

Lord Brooke left us yesterday morning, and took lord Beauchamp with him : so that our table is reduced to four people, all our company being gone except Mr. Ramsden and Mr. Cowslad.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Marlborough, July 16, O. S., 1741.

DEAR MADAM,

THROUGH what a variety of delightful scenes have your letters conducted me! and how faithfully has my imagination attended you through them all! Whilst your reflexions have improved and warmed my heart toward the Giver of all good things, who is alike present in all places. At Brixen your situation charmed me, and gave me the idea of the richest prospect imaginable, and at the same time of a retreat sheltered from parching suns and cutting winds. Your next day's journey furnished me with a different view, but equally beautiful: and the waters tumbling over great stones, or run-




ning smoothly over pebbles, inspired a melancholy by no means unpleasing.

The city of Inspruck must be a very agreeable one. I think the portico of the town-house is (without a pun) a glaring instance of the mistakes people are liable to fall into, who govern their actions entirely by the opinions of others, and are over-anxious about popular applause, which, after all, is commonly the effect of chance or caprice, rather than the reward of real merit. It is indeed wonderful that this monument of its builder's weakness should have passed untouched through the hands of so many as have by turns conquered and lost the place. But I am not half so glad that it has escaped, as that the rarities in the castle of Amras have been preserved: and I am sure you were very agreeably surprised to find such a treasure of the produce of all the arts, in a

part of the world so little famous for taste and science. I could beat those modern princes, for suffering the noble collection of pictures in the old tower to be exposed to, and destroyed by, the inclemency of the weather. I am also grieved that Frederick, who was careful to transmit the figures of so many of his family to posterity, could be contented to let their names and histories be buried in oblivion.

The golden image of the little archduke gives one, at the same time, a regard for the queen of Hungary's piety, and a compassion for the errors she has imbibed with her education. If we may rely on our newspapers, the king has at last completed the long-wished-for accommodation betwixt that princess and the king of Prussia. I believe the forests and mountains of fir over which you travelled must have afforded you a very awful and romantic scene, and am

pleased that any thing on your road reminded you of Marlborough. The decay of the art of working ivory, glass, and silver, must take off a great deal both from the curiosity and traffic of Inspruck, since I think these were the only commodities it was famous for, and I have formerly seen a great many pretty things that came from thence, and from Nuremberg. I should have been glad to have shared your reveries, and indulged my own at Blansfelden, whilst you were overlooking the fields and the shades where our late mistress had passed the first scenes of her life, before the cares of royalty had clouded the natural vivacity of her temper, or the disguise which greatness is often forced to wear had veiled any of its native goodness and innocence; and certainly she had a greater stock of both, than is often found in any rank. I fancy you did not pass the prince of Hesse's palace and park without



some reluctance, for it was natural to wish to look into the state apartment of a princess, whom you have so often seen in her nursery amongst her playthings: she and the princess royal are both with their father at Hanover; a privilege the latter has not enjoyed since she left it at five years old.

Since I wrote the last line of this side, the post is come in, and has brought me your ladyship's agreeable journal to Brussels. But though all you write gives me pleasure, I have not, through the course of our correspondence, experienced it so much as in the paragraph that told me you had received a letter from Mr. Fermor, since I have truly shared in your anxiety on his account, as I now sincerely rejoice with you on the news of his safety.

Our London letters last night brought us word, that sir Thomas Frankland was married to a very young woman, exceed-

ingly pretty, but of no family nor fortune, the daughter of a physician in York.

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Richkings, June 20, 1741, O. S.

IF it were not too natural to consult one's own pleasure before that of one's friends, I might very well have omitted writing to your ladyship by this post, since I cannot even deceive myself into a hope that I can find any thing to amuse you ; and yet I cannot resolve to be silent, even when I have nothing to say ! Behold, dear Madam, the unaccountable effect of a sincere and faithful friendship, that can make me choose rather to be troublesome, than not converse with you. I put myself in mind of a well-meaning relation of my own, who will rather scold her friends, than not talk to them, or often rail at them behind their backs, rather than not make them the subject of her discourse. But

I will change mine to tell you, that by the death of Mrs. Nicols, her jointure of eight hundred pounds a-year comes to Mr. Keck. I hope this piece of good fortune will retrieve his affairs, and make lady Susan perfectly happy. I am afraid poor lord and lady Carlisle are completely otherwise, by the death of lord Morpeth.

Stephen Duck (who is here at present) begs leave, with his humble duty, to offer you the enclosed ode, which I think is as pretty as any thing I have seen of his. I have been reading a short account, that is just published, of a journey through Tuscany to Rome, with a kind of description of that city. How low does it fall, when compared with yours! In describing the cathedral of Sienna, the author seems only struck with the pavement. He passes some time at Florence without observing the beautiful bridge; meets the great duke and duchess on the

road thither, and only remarks that they had a small retinue, besides their own servants, and that he stopped in his chaise whilst they passed him, but gives no account of their persons; though he is at the trouble of informing the public, from Rome, that most of the Cardinals have gray hair.

It is now a fortnight since I have had the pleasure of hearing from your ladyship, but I have (in imagination) attended you to the doge's palace at Venice, the front of which I am acquainted and charmed with, from a large picture that sir Hugh Smithson has of it, painted by Cannelletti. Lord Brooke has also some views of that city, painted by the same master. It must certainly be a surprising and noble sight; but I am afraid you will not find the society there so agreeable as that at Rome; for I am told that, partly from the laws of the republic, and partly from the poverty of the noble Venetians,



they seldom converse with strangers. I do not know whether your ladyship remembers Madam Tronn, when she was ambassadress here, at the accession of the late king: she was then a very pretty woman. Soon after I was married, I had some acquaintance with her, and should be glad to know if she is still alive. I heard some years ago, that the liberty of our English customs have not added to her happiness, since she returned to live according to those of her own country.

FAREWELL aspiring thoughts, no more  
 My soul shall leave the peaceful shore,  
     To sail ambition's main:  
 Fallacious as the harlot's kiss,  
 You promise me uncertain bliss,  
     And give me certain pain.

A beauteous prospect first you shew,  
 Which, e'er survey'd, you paint anew,  
     And paint it wond'rous pleasant:  
 This in a third is quickly lost,  
 Thus future good we covet most,  
     But ne'er enjoy the present.

Deluded on from scene to scene,  
 We never end, but still begin,  
     By flatt'ring hope betray'd.  
 I'm weary of the painful chase,  
 Let others run this endless race  
     To catch a flying shade.

Let others boast their useless wealth,  
 Have I not honesty and health,  
     Which riches cannot give?  
 Let others to preferment soar,  
 And, changing liberty for power,  
     In golden shackles live.

'Tis time at length I should be wise;  
 'Tis time to seek substantial joys,  
     Joys out of Fortune's power:  
 Wealth, honours, dignity, and fame,  
 Are toys, the blind, capricious dame,  
     Takes from us every hour.

Come, conscious Virtue, fill my breast,  
 And bring Content, thy daughter, drest  
     In ever-smiling charms:  
 Let sacred friendship too attend,  
 A friendship worthy of my friend,  
     Such as my Lælius warms.

With these I'll in my bosom make  
A bulwark Fortune cannot shake,  
Tho' all her storms arise.  
Look down and pity gilded slaves,  
Despise Ambition's giddy knaves,  
And wish the fools were wise.

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD \*.

Brussels, Aug. 5, 1741, N. S.

THE day after I sent my last to your ladyship, I had the pleasure of receiving three letters from you, in one of which you mentioned having told me that lord Morpeth was dead, which I was very glad to find contradicted, but at the same time mortified to know, that one of your letters must have missed me. This, to my great satisfaction and surprise, I found had arrived at Brussels, at my return here last night. Madame Tronn, whom you inquire after in it, is still alive, and the daughter she lay in of in England was married last year, and is now one of the greatest beauties in Venice. Having known her in England (by following my mother

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\* This letter answers the four last.

sometimes to her assembly), I was induced to inquire after her too. I did not, however, see her, for most of the Venetian nobility were out of town, and not because they do not converse with strangers, or that their liberty is less than ours in England. I assure you that all over Italy this is much greater than we imagine; and I have, whilst there, often wondered that so opprobrious a mistake could go on, when every day it is visible to so many of our countrymen, that nothing can be more distant from truth, than the jealousy attributed to Italian husbands.

Whilst I remained at Antwerp, besides seeing a fine town, and some good pictures, I met with a very extraordinary character, in the person of Lady Clifford's mother, Mrs. Blount, who lives a little out of the city, in a small but convenient house, moated round. To this she has a draw-bridge that pulls up every night.

This lady was the daughter of sir John Guise, and was endowed with a most surprising genius, which he took care to improve, by having her taught the Latin, Spanish, Italian, and French languages, all of which she is perfect mistress of, as well as all the best books in them. Music and poetry assisted in the completing of her mind; and love led her choice to a younger brother of sir Walter Blount, whom you may remember as often mentioned in Mr. Pope's letters. Since the death of this gentleman, and the disposal of her daughters, she is retired (with three or four servants) to prepare for the next world, and she calls herself the *Solitaire*. Her dress is plain, and she never goes into company; but if any persons come to her, she receives them with the greatest apparent pleasure, and talks with such vivacity and variety of wit, that you would imagine she was still in the midst of the beau monde.

Upon her repeating a passage in Horace that she had translated, I intreated a copy of it; but she told me she had burnt it, with many more such follies of her youth: she added, "Since you will have something of mine, I'll shew how I was cured of poetry;" and then gave me a paper, that I found at my return home contained these lines:

\* \* \* \* \*

I sought instruction from my dawning years;  
 My father to my play-fellows preferr'd;  
 Whate'er he spoke, with deep attention heard:  
 He laid those grounds that nothing can remove,  
 Care of my honour, and my country's love.  
 Whate'er he taught I eagerly would learn;  
 And, while to please him was my whole concern,  
 His chase I followed o'er his spacious down,  
 Joy'd with his grace, and trembling at his frown.

Early I tasted the Castalian spring;  
 My almost infant muse had tried her wing:  
 A father fondly look'd on all I writ;  
 Winkle himself had voted me a wit:  
 Old Guinet, charm'd with all that I had done,  
 Declar'd my verses tasted of the sun.

Already fir'd with sacred love of praise,  
 I long'd for fame, and hunger'd after bays.  
 Cypress I scorn'd; the muses were my care;  
 And Phœbus heard my late and early pray'r:  
 He heard indeed, and, standing by my bed,  
 Assum'd my brother's friendly form, and said:  
 "Why wilt thou, *Nan*, so ill employ thy wit  
 In manly works, for ladies' hands unfit?  
 Of all thy sex that sought the poet's fame,  
 Is there one character thou dost not blame?  
 And wilt thou vainly misemploy thy days  
 In what ne'er was the virtuous woman's praise?  
 Turn then thy sense to housewife's wiser cares,  
 Mind well thy needle-work, and say thy pray'rs:  
 Secure in this advice that I have given,  
 Of peace on earth, and endless peace in heaven."

He said, and vanish'd in a flash of light;  
 My open'd mind began to judge aright;  
 Muse, rhymes, and verse, in mix'd confusion fled,  
 I burnt the trifling products of my head.

Where poets stood before, receipt books stand,  
 Silk, thread, and worsted, are my next demand,  
 And chairs and stools increase beneath my lab'ring  
                     hand.

Yet would I learn what antient bards have taught,  
 But wisdom now, not wit, in Horace sought.



Apollo pleas'd I thus obey'd his voice,  
 (Himself my Cupid,) made my marriage choice.  
 No vulgar genius did his care commend,  
 He gave me BLOUNT \*, his favorite and his friend ;  
 To draw whose character exceeds my art,  
 I bear it deep engraven in my heart ;  
 Yet this one print drawn out, I'll dare to say,  
 Phœbus himself can scarce the whole display.

Tho' the least blot his piercing wit could know,  
 He would not sharply censure ev'n his foe ;  
 Yet what was bad he never would commend,  
 But silent hide the errors of his friend.

His fair example, and endearing art,  
 Improv'd my judgment, and reform'd my heart.

The oddness of this lady's turn, and way of life, gave very different sentiments to our company. Some of us pitied her, and some of us pitied the world for losing her ; but all wondered at her except myself, who really wonder no persons ever thought of secluding themselves in this manner before. To

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\* Edward Blount, esq. of Blagdon, in Devonshire.

be weary of the hurry of the world at a certain age, for people of any degree of sense, is the most natural thing imaginable; and no longer to seek company when the dearest and best of company has left us, is equally conformable to a tender heart and strong understanding. But to shut one's self up irrevocably in a prison, to torment the body and try the constitution, because our minds are already too much distressed, is what I cannot so well comprehend; therefore I confess myself an admirer of Mrs. Blount's disposal of her remaining days. Nobody can say or imagine that she repents of a retirement, which her children and friends every day solicit her to leave, and which she has no sort of obligation, but what arises from choice, to stay in. Nobody that visits her finds, by her reception of them, that her own thoughts are insupportable to her; but

she rather seems to have been storing up entertainment for her guests, which she presents with as much readiness, and in as great plenty, as if she expected to receive cent. per cent. for it, whereas few are able to return her half the real value.

H. L. POMFRET.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Marlborough, June 25, 1741, N. S.

DEAR MADAM,

I must begin this letter by telling you, that we got safely hither on the nineteenth, which was the same day we left Richkings. We had the finest weather imaginable for our journey ; and though the distance was no less than fifty-nine miles, we performed the journey in eleven hours and three quarters, including the time we baited. I never saw such an air of plenty as appeared on both sides the road, from the vast quantities of corn with which the fields are covered, and the addition of many hop gardens, that have been planted since I passed through that part of the country. These, and indeed every other beautiful appearance of na-

ture, vanished when we came to Newbury. There is just set up a manufactory there, which (though it is said to bring incredible gain to the proprietors) adds neither beauty nor pleasure to the town and adjacent fields. There is a parcel of low ground about a mile before one comes to it, where (by uncovering the surface) they have found great quantities of peat, which they burn upon the place; and sell the ashes of it to a great advantage, for manuring ground. These they have correspondence for at an amazing distance; and they tell me, many families are already grown rich, who are concerned in the trade. After we left Newbury, the whole face of the country was changed, and every thing looked parched and burnt up, for want of moisture; and this seemed (like Gideon's second fleece) to be the only place where the dew of heaven had not fallen. However, I find my own garden full of sweets, and I have

a terrace betwixt a border of pinks and a sweet briar hedge. This hedge was not made when your ladyship was here ; but it now perfumes the air for a long way together. Whether it is, because this was the first habitation I was mistress of, in those cheerful years when every thing assumed a smiling aspect, from the vivacity that attends that season of life, or because almost every little ornament has been made either by my lord's or my own contrivance, I cannot tell ; but I certainly feel a partiality for this place, which an indifferent person would be at a loss to account for. The flowers, to me, appear painted with brighter colours, and the hay-fields and elder-bushes breathe more fragrance than the same things do any where else. When I am sitting near the cascade, upon a favourite seat, by the side of a little wilderness of flowering shrubs, I cannot help thinking (or almost saying) to myself, " Lady

Pomfret would not dislike this shade." How happy would it make me, if I could place you there in reality, as often as I do in imagination. No longer ago than last night, after having read over your letter there, which contains your journal from Rome to Bologna, I fell into so deep a reverie on your passage amongst the Appenines, that I almost thought I saw every beautiful landscape you have described, and was ready to mistake the sheep-bells on the neighbouring down, for those of the little chapels you mentioned, and an old miller, who appeared on the other side of the field amongst some willows, (which grow before his door,) for one of the venerable inhabitants of those hermitages which you found amongst the clefts of the rocks.

We have now hotter weather than we have had for some years, which dispirits every mortal, nor does the news of our repulse at Carthagenæ help at all to en-

liven us ; though I feel a secret pleasure in the hope that you have by this time heard a truer account than we can know of it, from Mr. Fermor himself.




## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Marlborough, July 23, 1741, O. S.

DEAR MADAM,

WE have this week had our house very agreeably filled, lord Brooke, Mr. Hill (lord Hillsborough's son), Mr. Young, and Mr. Leslie, having been all here together. They have now all left us, except the last, who will stay till we return to Richkings. Mr. Ramsden and Mr. Cowslad are still with us ; but our pleasure has received an alloy by my lord's having the gout, which was doubly mortifying, as my lord Rothes (whose journey to Scotland has been prevented by his lady's being with child) came to dine with him one day, when he was confined to his bed ; and my lord Lonsdale, in his way from Bath, also visited



him, when he was in such violent pain, that he could have no conversation with him. He is now, I thank God, much better.

An argument was started one night after supper, which produced a dialogue of above an hour, that I secretly wished you had heard, because I thought it might have given you some entertainment, being managed on both sides with a great deal of wit and politeness. The subject was, "Whether a sincere love could subsist, where there was not an attention paid to the object?" Two of the company, having a particular friendship for a gentleman, who has lately married an agreeable woman with a very great fortune, and who loves him to distraction, thought it necessary to vindicate their friend, who they say loves her extremely, though he has not this attention, to prove that the truest love was often without it. This appeared so paradoxical to Mr. Les-

lie, and a very ingenious young clergyman, who was present, that it produced a dispute, which, could I have written short hand, I should have thought very well worth taking down in black and white. Yet after all that was said, with a great deal of life and spirit on both sides, I believe both sides still retained their first opinions, as I confess I did mine, though I was happy in not being obliged to say any thing, and therefore had the pleasure to sit by, and hear my own sentiments delivered with more strength, and in better language, than I was capable of; so that love, without attention, still appears a chimera to me.

I hear that my lord Northampton is certainly going to be married to lady Frances Brudenell.

FRANCES HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Brussels, Aug. 12, 1741, N. S.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE just received yours of the 23d of last month, and at the same time an account of lord Augustus Fitzroy's \* death, without any letter from my son ; so that he is again deserted, with this addition, that we now know (what before there was no reason to suppose) that the admiral † will show him no sort of regard ; for lord Augustus, before he took him, spoke to the admiral to do it, which he refused.

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\* The third son of Charles, and father of the present, duke of Grafton. He was a captain in the navy, and commanded the Orford man of war in the attack of Carthagena. He died at Jamaica on the 28th of May, 1741.

† Vernon.

Add to this a little delay in our business, that will prevent our setting out so soon as I hoped ; and then judge what are my present joys ! You bid me treat you as a friend, and I obey, though sensible that your entertaining letters merit another return, were I capable of giving it.

I wish I could have heard the argument you mention, because I should then have been with lady Hartford ; but I can never believe that the assertors of passion without attention could, with all their wit, prove any thing, but that their friendship was stronger than their love of truth. And could you have known their thoughts, I dare say they would all have appeared on the contrary party to their words.

On Thursday our company divided, Lady Clifford being gone again for a week to Antwerp ; Mr. Stanhope to his father, my lord Harrington ; and Mr. Hollwall (a young officer with him)

returning by the Hague to England. We dined all together about a league on their journey ; after which lord George Manners, Mr. Ewer, his governor (a very sensible and agreeable companion), and ourselves, returned to our hotel, where, after about an hour, lord Chesterfield arrived from Spa. He is this morning set out for Paris.

H. L. POMFRET.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Marlborough, Aug. 1, 1741, O. S.

DEAR MADAM,

Mrs. Blount's manner of living appears to me a more proper object of envy than pity, and I have often thought the same of the Dowager Duchess of St. Albans, when I have visited her at Windsor, and found her sitting in a delightful room, furnished with extremely good pictures, and a large glass case full of all manner of varieties in japan; china, chrystal, amber, silver, fillagree, &c.; and in every corner, Stands with large basons full of flowers placed on them.

This apartment looks upon a very pretty garden; and behind it, her chapel and closet run parallel with a little terrace; but this she only looks on, for she never

goes out of the door of her house, nor up a step in it: yet, till this last illness, she always appeared chearful and healthy, and much handsomer than most people that we see in public, or than she herself did, in the latter part of the time that she appeared there. I believe her pleasures in her solitude are more owing to the goodness of her heart than the attainments of her head, for she has none of the ingenious entertainments that Mrs. Blount finds in her retirement; and the part of the day which is not employed in her devotions, is generally passed in receiving visits, and talking of news: and here she falls below your Solitaire, whom I figure to myself receiving only those who are qualified to converse in her own way, and from whom she may hope to receive some new supplies of knowledge, in order to recruit (at the same time that she communicates part of) her own stock. It has long been my



fixed opinion, that, in the latter part of life, when the duty owing to a family no longer calls upon us to act on the public stage of life, it is not only more decent, but infinitely more eligible, to live in an absolute retirement, and I am charmed with this sentiment of poor Mr. Tickell :—

Blest Solitude, when Life's gay hours are past,  
 (Howe'er we range,) in thee we fix at last ;  
 'Tost thro' tempestuous seas, the voyage o'er,  
 Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly shore :  
 Our own strict judges, our past lives we scan,  
 And ask if Virtue has enlarg'd the Span ?  
 If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,  
 Trust future ages, and contented die.

However, this is not the general opinion of the world, and therefore I conclude it is better that it is not so, since Providence undoubtedly orders better for us than we are able to do for ourselves.

FRANCES HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Brussels, Aug. 18, 1741, N. S.

I HAVE got into as regular a way of life here as I could be in at my own house ; and by a habitude of uncertainty, am become less uneasy under it. It is true I wish to hear that our own affairs are entirely settled, that I could see my children, and my friends, and a thousand other dependent *agrémens*, that I have long been a stranger to. Yet, knowing by experience that Time and Fate will take their own course, and move at their own pace, I wait a contented observer of what shall arrive, without presuming to pray or desire, but in general that God will be pleased to order the destiny of myself and family (still dearer than myself), as he sees will tend most to our good,

though ever so contrary to what is commonly esteemed good in this world. Whatever melancholy turn this may seem to have, I assure you I am far from being so; and, perhaps, if prospects do not deceive, I never had a better prospect of living to my own taste when I return to England. My first winter I shall spend in town, and after that shall as little as possible trouble it, though the education of my youngest children must necessarily call me there sometimes. I have laid in a good stock of Italian books, which I hope will contribute to your entertainment also, having found several very agreeable ones that I never heard mentioned before I was in Italy: with these, and some that I left behind me in English and French, I intend to fill a case (but not a glass case), as the most valuable furniture of my dressing room, though they will not make it so brilliant as the duchess of St. Albans, which must

be a pretty sight, and which I should like very well to amuse my eyes with when tired of reading, or amuse my visitors (if I was obliged to let in all that came), rather than offend them with the dullness of my own genius, or be offended with the acuteness of some of theirs.

I have not entirely neglected some samples of those works not to be had in England; and, as far as I could with prudence, have brought some little memorials of my travels to my friends. If any amongst them are worthy of your acceptance, I shall esteem them deserving, and myself happy; and since you are pleased with my remarks (and I will sooner doubt that Vernon is brave, Sir Robert wise, or the Parliament honest, than I will make the least question of for the future). I have yet *in petto* many for you, that I had neither time nor inclination to commit to writing; but I shall, with infinite satisfaction, communicate

in our future (I hope) many and many evening's conversations.

In the mean time, if you have a curiosity to know how I can spend my time agreeably in an inn, I will tell you, that this has nothing of one but the name, the house being very handsome, the people of the better sort, polite, and very conversable, admitting none to eat that do not lodge here; our table is well served, and our company such as we choose ourselves. I have made some acquaintance in the town, where I can pass the evening if I please. My lord Ailsbury (at whose house I generally dine once a week,) is very entertaining, having an excellent memory, and being thoroughly informed of all the affairs of England, both private and public, that have happened within these fourscore years, and which he is very ready to communicate. Besides this house, I have dined at the comte Lanoi's, governor of Brussels, and at comte Calen-

berg's, whose wife is very good company. To-morrow I am to dine with the pope's nuncio, brother to the marchese Tempi, of Florence, and with whom I often talk of Italy and my Italian friends, with *somma contentezze di ambedue*. Thus I delude the minutes that retard my wished return to England and to you.

H. L. POMFRET.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Marlborough, Aug. 10, 1741, O. S.

I WAS prevented from writing to your ladyship, as I ought to have done, last post, by my poor lord's being in such violent pain with the gout, that I could not leave him a moment, or attend to any thing else that whole day, but I thank God he is now pretty well again. I did not mention lord Augustus Fitzroy's death to you in my last, because I was then in hopes the account of it might prove a mistake ; this I sincerely wished it should, as I know it must put Mr. Fermor under new difficulties, and consequently renew your ladyship's anxiety on his account; but the addition of the admiral's unkindness I did not foresee, and it confirms me in my opinion (which

I have entertained for some time), that Mr. Vernon, like many of his brother heroes, has a degree of madness to heighten and throw a brightness, or rather a glare, upon his character, which serves to dazzle weak eyes.

The many kind things you say to me, dear madam, would make me insupportably vain, if a thousand mistakes and errors, which I daily fall into, were not more than sufficient to keep me humble ; but even the knowledge I have how far I am from deserving them, cannot hinder me from feeling my happiness in your partiality for me, which I hope will be a means of encouraging me in my endeavours to become what I ought to be to merit the title of your friend.

I fancy my lord Chesterfield's journey is not merely to share the gaities and diversions of Paris ; he will find the shades and streams in its neighbourhood a more agreeable *sejour* at this season of



the year, and therefore, I suppose, will retire to Argeville, and consult the oracle that inhabits those groves about what measures will be proper to be taken to serve his country, and perplex the schemes of those who have not put him at the head of its affairs, at the meeting of the next session of Parliament.

I am afraid the death of the queen of Sardinia will take off a great deal from the lustre of that Court, which I have formerly heard spoken of as one of the politest in Europe.

FRANCES HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Brussels, Aug. 30, 1741, N. S.

I own to you, dear madam, that I began to think that it would be necessary for me to go another thousand miles from you, in order to be sure of your letters, having lived longer without one at Brussels than I did most of the time I was in Italy. But the too good excuse your ladyship sent me, has, for the present, put any further journey out of my head ; and I am now only impatient for a short airing to London, which I hope soon to take.

Lady Clifford, who has been some days since come back to us, obliged me yesterday (though very unwillingly) to go with her to see the arch-duchess, who lies exposed, under a canopy, for three days.

She was drest in white damask, with a circle of rosemary round her head. Her face had begun to mortify, and the nails of her hands (which were held up,) were turned black. This object, attended by her mourning ladies, recalled to my mind what no way raised my spirits; and as soon as I left it I returned home, and endeavoured to amuse myself with reading, whilst my companion went somewhere else. The book I took up, was baron Pollnitz's Letters; where, observing that he had made my journey from Venice to Inspruck reversed, I read that part. I find that though he never heard of the castle of Amras, yet he had the good luck to be better informed of the names of the statues in the Franciscan's church; and, allowing for the different seasons in which we travelled, what he says appears to me more natural and conformable to truth, than any writing of the kind that I have met with. His account of Venice is agree-

able, and on the whole just; notwithstanding we widely differ in taste; the baron declaring, that, if he must choose a city in Italy, it should be that; whereas, I never saw a place, upon the face of the earth, that I had not rather live in than Venice. As I am no farther advanced in this book, I cannot answer positively for any more of it; but, if I may judge by what I have seen, (if your ladyship has not read it before,) it will entertain you very well, since you take pleasure in the description of those delightful countries. I have been able to give you but very imperfect accounts; yet I think it is much better to say little, and take care to be sure of its truth, than to fill volumes, and talk like Tully, if what one says is from hearsay only. Being now in one of the greatest thoroughfares in Europe, and so near the busy part of it, you will easily believe I hear fresh news every day, which is almost certain to be contradicted the next. The

following whimsical state of Europe falling into my hands, I send it to you ; because, dealing in generals, it is more likely to come near the truth :—

*Les Cours de l'Europe.*

L'Allemagne craint tout,  
 L'Autriche risque tout,  
 La Bavière espere tout,  
 La Prusse entreprend tout,  
 La Mayence rend tout,  
 La Portugal regarde tout,  
 L'Angleterre veut faire tout,  
 L'Espagne brouille tout,  
 La Savoye se defie de tout,  
 La Moscovie se mêle de tout,  
 La Hollande obtient tout,  
 La France souffle tout,  
 Les Jesuites se trouvent par tout,  
 Rome benit tout,  
 Si Dieu ne prevoit à tout,  
 Le Diable emportera tout.

H. L. POMFRET.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Marlborough, Aug. 15, 1741, O. S.

YOUR meeting with any thing to retard your coming to England, now that you are so near it, is almost insupportable, at least it would appear so to a mind that had not your right way of thinking, to arm it against what are miscalled the various caprices of fortune ; but are, in truth, the intricate paths by which Providence often leads the most deserving part of the world to peace and everlasting happiness ; and those who, like you, view them in this light, and bear them with patience and fortitude, I believe, seldom fail to meet their reward, even here ; as I hope you will experience through every future scene of your life. I am far from thinking, that what you

say, on this subject, proceeds from a melancholy turn of mind ; but attribute it to that seriousness, which is the parent of all solid content ; and which I will never believe is to be attained by shutting our eyes, and hurrying our thoughts from every object that wears a gloomy appearance. My own experience has long shown me the fallacy of such shifts to rid one's self of unpleasing ideas ; and I have always found, that looking fixedly on them, removes much of the formidable shape they assume when first presented to the imagination. A very sensible friend of mine once told me, she had found that one of the best receipts for happiness, was not to direct one's thoughts to the means of removing a disagreeable circumstance, but to consider how one can best be easy under it. This you show me is practicable, by your present calmness in a state so interesting, as that of deferring the joy you may justly ex-

pect in seeing a beautiful and amiable family improved, since you have been absent, in age, stature, and all the endowments of their minds.

Your plan of life, at your return, is (like all your projects) wise, and calculated for the advantage of your family; and yet forgive me, dear madam, if I cannot forbear regretting the resolution you seem to have taken, of seeing London but seldom after the first winter; since if I have longer than that to live, I feel I shall always wish to find you there, when either my lord Hartford's business or inclination obliges me to attend him to a place that has no other charm left for me, but that of meeting my friends; the number of which are reduced into so narrow a compass, that should your ladyship, and three or (at most) four people more retire from it, it would be a perfect wilderness to me.



Nothing can be more obliging, than your proposing a pleasure to yourself, in the entertainments I shall find in reading some of the books you have collected in Italy ; but your design of still adding to the marks I have already received, by destining some of the curiosities you have purchased in your travels for me, is too much ! Therefore let me entreat you, my dear lady Pomfret, to bring me only the share of partiality with which you have allowed your heart to be biassed in the favour of one, who, though in other respects unworthy of it, has the merit of being, with the sincerest friendship,

Your most obliged and devoted  
Humble Servant,

F. HARTFORD.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Brussels, Sept. 6, 1741, N. S.

I HAVE, within these few days, had the pleasure of conversing with a gentleman whom I knew at Paris, one who has travelled, with great observation, through most parts of Europe, and understands the interests and constitutions of all the countries he has been in perfectly well ; talks several languages, and has the best intelligence. In discoursing on the present intricate state of affairs, and the different views and principles upon which the acting powers have moved, he told me, that he was at the Hague when the queen of Hungary's memorial came out, in which she cited some sentences of the king of Prussia's friendly letter to her. He said, that there were in company,

at the same time, the ministers of the two courts, and that the Prussian minister said to the other, " It is true, the king, my master, has sent a letter, in which were those expressions. You tell the truth, but not all the truth ; for at the same time that the king sent that letter of form, to congratulate the queen's succession, and assure her of his good intentions, in respect of the pragmatic sanction, he wrote another with his own hand, to tell her, that, notwithstanding what he had before said, he did not mean to exclude himself from the just right of the four duchies in Silesia, which he was very sensible he should never be able to regain, whilst there was an emperor reigning of the house of Austria, since they had so long and so unfairly kept possession of them : therefore he took this opportunity, when they were upon a par, to demand a restitution of them. At the same time telling her, he would deserve

that justice at her hands ; promising his vote and interest to make the great duke emperor, and offering, at his own expense, to serve her with twenty thousand men, and lend her twenty thousand florins, part of which should pay the debt on the mines." The minister thought these terms, in the queen of Hungary's situation, were of some consequence to her ; but her majesty, or her council, thought it was beneath her dignity to answer the insolent proposals of a little elector ; and the young king finding his demands slighted, and his letter unanswered for three weeks, took it as a refusal, and accordingly marched his troops into Silesia. The queen's minister could say nothing in contradiction to what the other alledged, but that he hoped things might yet be accommodated. As I think this entirely clears the character of a prince, whom, at his first setting out, you were inclined to admire, and afterwards thought there

was reason to condemn, I could not refrain from making you this detail, and I, at the same time, rejoice with you, that courage, sense, and honour, are in the possession of a young prince, who, in truth, holds the balance of power, which we for so many years have talked of; for, as the French minister at Madrid told my friend, if the queen of Hungary had accepted the king of Prussia's friendship, the elector of Bavaria could have made no resistance, nor would the Swedes have declared war with Muscovy. It is said, that Mr. Robinson went to offer the king of Prussia what the queen possesses on the side of Holland, and to guarantee the succession of Bergs and Juliers. To this the king replied, that he had been trifled enough withal; that the queen knew long ago his utmost resolution; but that, if she should now comply with it, the state of his affairs were altered, and that he did not esteem

himself tied by his first offers, since they were not accepted, but would be entirely at liberty as to his future conduct. Though this gave little encouragement to a second journey, I hear that Mr. Robinson is gone again, and the lovers of peace (of which number I am one) are in hopes he will this time succeed. One part of the French army is encamped within a day's journey of us, but soon removes, and it is said is to join with the other two squadrons, and form one body before Dusseldorf.

As I have made this letter full of politics, I will conclude it by telling you the conjectures I meet with, at a house of great news in this city, where there is company every night, and where I go sometimes. The king of Poland is to have Bohemia; the king of Prussia Silesia, and the succession of Bergs and Juliers, if the young prince of Sultzbach has no posterity; the elector of Bavaria

is to have the Tyrol, and the title of king of Suabia, if he misses that of Emperor ; and Don Philip the dominions in Italy, if the scheme on the other side does not prevent him ; which is, that the king of Sardinia shall marry the arch-duchess, have the Milanese, and secure the other possessions to his double brother-in-law. As this is all chimerical, I mean it as a farce to my serious historical tragedy at the beginning. And to conclude all with something lighter yet, in allusion to a dance, prince Charles of Lorraine is to marry a daughter of France, and keep a gay court at Brussels. *Vivat dux Brabantiae.*

H. L. POMFRET.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Brussels, Sept. 13, 1741, N. S.

THERE is now risen a new difficulty as to our return to England, for the Spanish privateers are so dispersed about, that no passage is secure. Lord Cornbury is confined at Cadiz on their account; and it is reported, that two young ladies, who had been for their education in a convent at Bruges, and were returning home from Ostend, are taken prisoners. These, and a thousand other stories of the same kind, are our daily entertainments, from all which I have recourse to my books in the morning, and some abbey in the afternoon, this country of Brabant being well stocked with them. The roads to them are always agreeable, for the whole country is a fine park, with wood and



water well disposed. When we arrive, we find a magnificent house, consisting of several courts, and either ladies or gentlemen ready to receive us with all good humour and politeness, who conduct us into their gardens, and give us a collation. After some discourse we take leave, and return home with the night. This is our method for five days in the week. On the other two I dress, and go to my more *mondain* visits, where I learn the sort of news that my last was composed of; by which, as well as by this, you will find how much my materials for letters decrease every week; and had you not a great deal of partiality for me, you would entirely silence so insipid a correspondent.

H. L. POMFRET.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Richkings, Aug. 30, 1741, O. S.

DEAR MADAM,

I CAN easily believe that the poor archduchess must have been a very melancholy spectacle upon her *lit de parade*. I should be very sorry to see that mode prevail in England, since even lying in state has always appeared to me a most illjudged pageantry. But to expose the corpse itself is yet more unreasonable, and looks as if people thought they were doing honour to the remains of their friends, by showing the destruction and alteration they are subject to under the hand of death.

I have seen the Baron de Pollnitz's works, and think there are some very entertaining passages in them, and am

told that his characters are generally just. Poor lord Nassau Pawlet died exactly in the same manner that his mother did, and appeared in perfect health till the moment that he was seized\*.

Though the days are shortened, and the dryness of the season has occasioned the leaves to fall already, the weather is so mild and pleasant, that the country never appeared more agreeable to me.

Lord Brooke and my son came to us last Monday; but the former talks of leaving us in four or five days. He goes from his own house to Bath about the twentieth of next month. In the mean time, he charges me to make his compliments to your ladyship, and tell you, that he is already convinced that your reason for omitting the cascade at Terni will be too good to leave him any hopes of having the better of the argument; and that he

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\* He died of the palsy.

therefore finds he shall be more disposed (at your first meeting) to tell you how proud you have made him, by approving any part of his conduct, than to begin a dispute.

FRANCES HARTFORD.

**TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.**

Brussels, Sept. 20, 1741, N. S.

You, my dear lady Hartford, have, I know, so much goodness for me, that you will take part in the joy I felt this morning at receiving a letter from my son Fermor, dated from London; and you will excuse my not making this longer, than to return you my thanks for your last most obliging one, having many letters to write on this occasion, as well as on that of preparing for our coming, for which I am not yet able to fix exactly a day, though I hope to do so every morning, for we have no post certain, the letters coming in sometimes one day, and sometimes another.

Adieu, dear madam, and be so good as  
to make my compliments to all your  
family. Mine is

Ever yours,

H. L. POMFRET.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Richkings, Sep. 6, 1741, O. S.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR account of the king of Prussia's conduct towards the queen of Hungary, clears up the seeming contradiction, which there appeared to be in his professions and actions. I am sorry her council did not advise her to listen to the offers of a prince, who might have been so useful a friend, and is now likely to prove so formidable an enemy. The bustle in which all Europe seems to be engaged at present, affords no very agreeable prospect to people whose ambition is to enjoy their own property in peace; of which number, I believe, there are few kings or princes. Being contented with what is one's own, is become a Ple-

beian virtue, and is banished from the friendship and esteem of the great ones of the world.

My lord Brooke, and all our company, except Mr. Ramsden and Mr. Cowslad, have left us, so that we are got into a very methodical manner of living amongst ourselves ; for no strangers come to interrupt the economy either of our affairs or amusements. Of these the number is increasing upon us, as the season comes on, in which there are a variety of things to be done towards the improving of our land, encreasing our stock of flowers, thickening our hedges, and repairing the ruin which the dry season has occasioned amongst the trees and flowering shrubs which were planted in the spring, &c. ; so that we are not likely to be idle ; and from thence discontented and tired of ourselves and each other. It would, I fancy, be no injury to the quiet of mankind, if kings and their



ministers could divert themselves in the same manner, and be as well pleased to raise a forest, as an army; or be as anxious to cultivate the earth, as to destroy cities.

Sir John Norris is sailed again, but whither, is not declared. The duke has taken a very small house in Windsor Forest, where he generally passes two or three days in a week, for the pleasure of hunting and shooting.

FRANCES HARTFORD.



## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Brussels, Sep. 23, 1741, N. S.

THE manner in which you live, and the amusements you choose, are certainly the most productive of happiness. Pleasures that can bear to be looked back upon, are (if less violent) far the most lasting. But truth is seldom seen, and a great deal of experience and reflection are generally necessary to instruct people, how near their centre of happiness lies; whereas (I do not know why) youth and ignorance are always for riding post, quite out of the way, in search of it, and destroy or impair the best means they have to attain it. Was the queen of Hungary of our minds, perhaps her present situation, with her mother and her son, in a cloister,

might not be so dreadful, as I fear it is, when she expects to hear every day that Vienna is besieged. To prepare for the approaching evil, the suburbs (by much the finest part of the town) are beating down. Prince Lichtenstein's house is already levelled with the ground; and prince Eugene's is next to be destroyed, as all the success of his victories were by the bad judgment of his master, who attempting to cut off from the succession his elder brother's daughter, sought no better a support to his injustice, than a weak boy, without either riches or power. The elector of Bavaria seems the rising favourite of fortune; he lays his claims from centuries past, when, no doubt, the house of Austria was (what he says) a dependant little prince under his ancestors. The king of Prussia, after keeping Mr. Robinson six days, in his camp, sent him away without seeing him; so that there are no hopes on that side. Saxony

looks on; the French assist; and the other electors, if not inclined to him, are little able to prevent his progress. They rave here mightily at our king for making a treaty of neutrality for his German dominions, though I cannot but believe his English subjects will see it in another light, and be thankful to him for not involving them in a war, of which they would have complained (when once it was begun), as of sacrificing them to Hanover. But enough of politics.

I have (according to my method in every great city where I have made any stay,) got acquainted with the most famous bookseller. This person has a cabinet, that he calls Christina queen of Sweden's; but it might have been the empress Livia's for the richness of its materials. It is all silver gilt and enamelled, where it is not covered with agates, precious stones, intaglios, and cameos. Besides this, he has many other

single curiosities of the same sort, with a vast quantity of medals and coins, relating to modern history, and some very good pictures. I seldom pass two days without going thither ; and have found amongst his books some Italian plays, written in the time of duke Francis, (whom I made you acquainted with from Florence,) by which I see that the dispute between the English and French, whether one or the other first introduced Genteel Comedy, has very little foundation on either side ; for these plays have all the regularity of time and place, and the just division into five acts ; with the manners of the gentry of that time, in which one may too easily trace the manners of these now living. I have bought here, also, Varilla's reign of Francis the first of France, because, I think, you commended it ; and the Secret History of the House of Medici, by the same author.

Lady Cardigan lay here in her way to England the other day ; and lord and lady Scarborough are soon expected : I wish I may be able to accompany them home, where I have now a new reason to wish to be ; and where I shall, in person, repeat the sincerity and gratitude with which I am,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.

H. L. POMFRET.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF HARTFORD.

Brussels, Sep. 30, 1741, N. S.

THE pleasure I enjoyed at the safe return of my son, and the hopes of seeing him soon, are both suspended, since he is gone again to the West Indies. How severe a trial this is to me, is easier for you to imagine than me to tell. Yet I have not so far involved my reason in affection, as not to know that it was the properest part he could take ; and am infinitely obliged to lord Vere Beauclerk's\* friendship, who has sent him with such a recommendation, as, if it please God to spare his life, must advance him. My

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\* Son of the first duke of St. Albans, afterwards created lord Vere, of Hanworth, in the county of Middlesex.

life, however, is made bitter by the absence and danger of one who is so justly dear to me ; but committing him to the Protector of us all, I will here conclude this subject, which you have more than once forbidden my making any excuses for entering upon.

The only company we have in this house, at present, are Mr. Burrish, who has just succeeded to Mr. Cope, as secretary to the commission, at Antwerp, for settling the Terif; and Mr. Goodcheap, an East Indian merchant, who is with him. They have both travelled a vast deal in different parts of the world; which, with the thorough knowledge they appear to have of trade, makes them very entertaining whenever they talk upon the subjects they are masters of; and which I never fail promoting as much as possible, being inclined to think with the Spectator, " That a general trader of good sense is often better company than



a general scholar. As one speaks from practice, and the other from theory, the real truth is surer to be found with the first, though the arguments of the last may be more eloquently delivered."

A fact that lately happened in Batavia, and which, no doubt, you have heard something of, being particularly well known to Mr. Goodcheap, by means of a correspondence he has there, I shall endeavour to repeat to you, as I heard it from him. It is of an extraordinary nature, and may perhaps produce extraordinary effects. The settlement that the Dutch have in Batavia, was originally a conquest gained from the kings of Bantam and Java, who still retain some sovereignty amongst the rocky parts of the island. The Chinese that inhabit there, were invited by the Hollanders, as absolutely necessary towards carrying on their trade. They planted, prepared, and worked the commodities imported to Eu-

rope ; and, in consideration of the advantages and protection from the Dutch, the captains of their tribes (for by such they are governed,) are obliged to pay a yearly tribute to the governor general of Batavia. This tribute the captains raise again from the people under them. These, in consequence of the great debts owing to them from the Dutch, were not able this year to produce the tribute, which the chiefs amongst them represented to the governor, desiring a fair hearing for the settling of their matters. The governor, whose name was Falconier, and who was originally sent thither a writer, from which low station he has risen, through every degree to the highest, (with this remarkable circumstance, that no body was ever put over his head, nor he over any body's,) made no other answer than that of putting them into prison, and threatening ruin to them all, if he was not immediately paid. Upon this, the others in the country as-

sembled together, and wrote a letter to a bastard son of the emperor of China, who had a band of men wandering about in those parts, to come and head them. This he accordingly did, and they marched directly to the city, took a gate and killed two or three hundred people, but were soon repulsed, with great slaughter, and driven back into the country; from whence they sent a flag of truce, desiring leave to represent their grievances, and to submit. The governor having assembled the council, Mr. Introff, director general, (the second in command,) a man of birth and humanity, spoke for the hearing of them, alledging, that there could be nothing lost by it; and that it would still be in their power to receive or reject what the men had to say, as they found it just or not. But Falconier, furious and revengeful, vowed the destruction of them all, by massacre, that very night. Against this, Mr. Introff and Mr. Van Arden (first of the

council, and third in command,) loudly protested; and the governor put them both into chains, and sent them directly to Holland. The rest of the council, fearing the same treatment, assented to his determination, who that night, about twelve o'clock, summoned the officers and seamen from the ships, and leading them himself, murdered all the Chinese he could find in the town, to the number of seventeen thousand, seizing their effects, and not sparing even the hospitals where the sick were lodged. The slaughter continued for three days: after which, he published a pardon to all who would return from the country in a month, wearing a paper on their sleeves, in which should be written their crime and contrition. Many came in on this proclamation; and as fast as they did so, they were murdered. In the meantime, the ship in which he had sent Introff and Van Arden put into the Cape of Good Hope, where they met other

ships from Holland ; one of which had brought a packet, directed to Mr. Introff. Upon opening it, he found that he was appointed governor general, in the room of Falconier ; and therefore returned with the other ships to Batavia, where he put his antagonist in the same state he had been in ; and, with an account of his crimes, has sent him to Amsterdam. Mr. Burrish tells me, (to my great sorrow,) that there is no instance of a crime committed in Batavia being revised in Holland ; and that he will (if his conscience can suffer him) still enjoy his ill got wealth. The government of Batavia is endeavouring to stop all boats that can give intelligence to China of the barbarities practised on the Chinese, for fear the emperor should prohibit any future commerce with the Dutch. This attempt Mr. Goodcheap hopes will be ineffectual, and that we shall for the time to come have all the Chinese trade to ourselves.

## TO THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Brussels, Oct. 6, 1741, N. S.

SINCE I wrote last to your ladyship, my lord has received notice, that his long depending business is at last finished; which being the only cause of our stay in this place, we shall leave it to-morrow, and may, perhaps, be in London before the present letter reaches Richkings. However, as this is not certain, I would not omit giving you information, which I flatter myself will be pleasing to you.

In taking leave yesterday of all my acquaintance here, I met at the house of one of them, a brother of the princess of Wales, who is travelling for his amusement; and, indeed, I think for his improvement, for he is really a very pretty kind of young man, and very rightly

behaved. He thinks of seeing England in the spring. I wish he may find, what is much talked of here, a reconciliation. It is certain that a kind of one is, at last, concluded between the queen of Hungary and the king of Prussia.

I am disappointed in the letter I hoped to receive from you to-day ; but the reflection, that it is the last time the post can serve me so, makes some amends.

My lord Poinfret and my daughters desire your ladyship and lord Hartford to believe, that they are (with me) impatient for the honour of acknowledging your obliging remembrance, during our absence, and approving ourselves

Your most obliged and

Faithful humble Servants.

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